HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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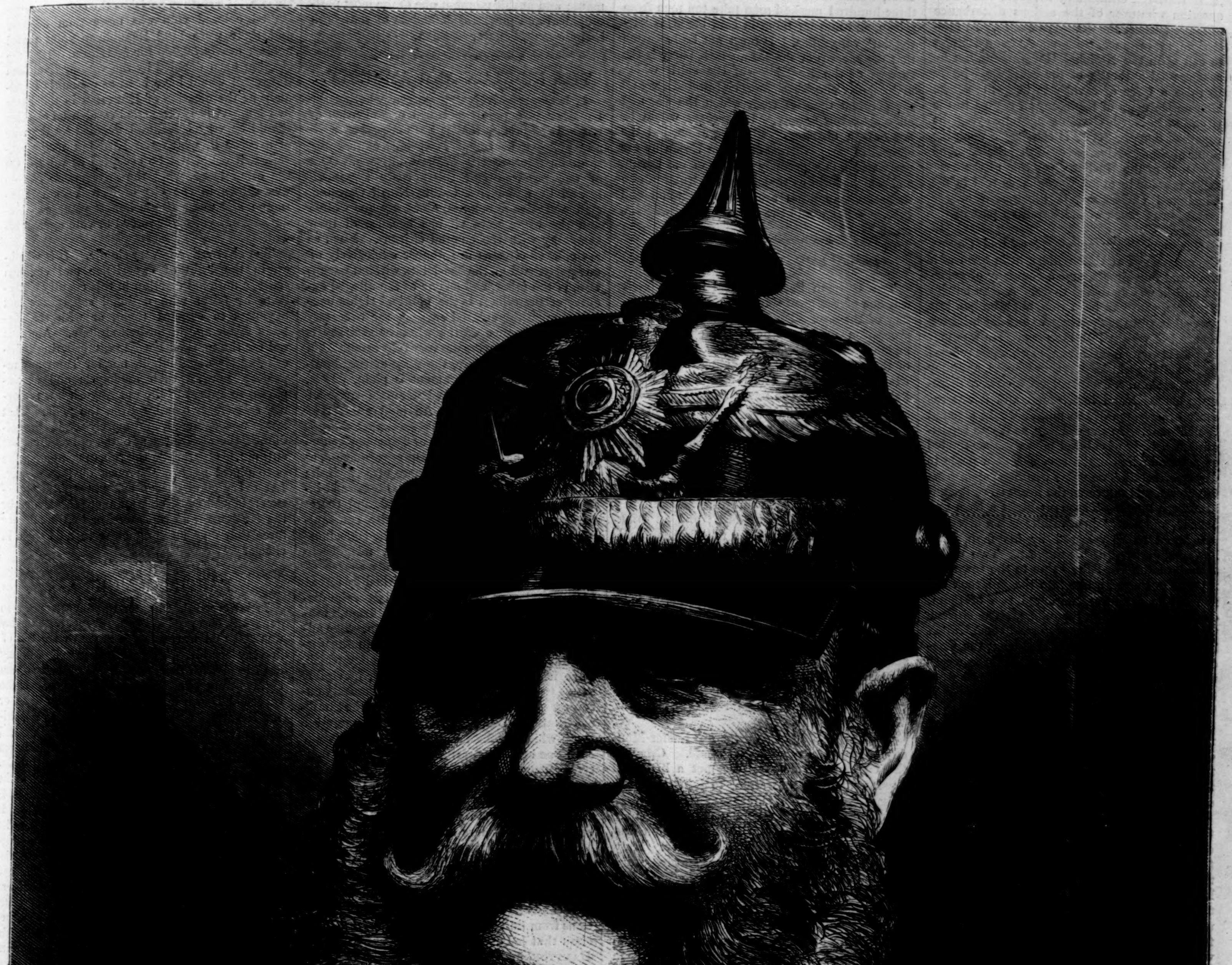


WILLIAM, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—[See Page 386.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 29, 1871.

☞ *Charles Reade's new Story, "A Terrible Temptation," is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* Harper's Weekly *for March 1, and is continued in the present Number.*

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is one of great variety and interest. It contains a new Poem, by* Algernon Charles Swinburne, *called* "The End of a Month;" *an illustrated sketch of* Ebenezer Elliott, *the famous* Corn-law Rhymer; *another richly illustrated chapter of* "Dogs and their Doings;" *a picturesque* View of Duluth, *on Lake Superior; an account of* Famous Sea-Serpents, *etc.*

THE APOLOGISTS OF THE KU-KLUX.

HOWEVER exaggerated the reports of the Ku-Klux crimes may be, there can be no question whatever of the serious disturbance of many parts of the Southern States. In Mississippi, for instance, Governor Alcorn declines to call upon the National Government, but he asks special authority of the State Legislature to raise a force of cavalry to keep the peace. The ample mass of testimony in regard to the situation in North Carolina accompanying the report of Senator Scott is conclusive upon the point of the Ku-Klux terror in that State. And the story of the Ku-Klux revenge of the Stevens murder in South Carolina, as told in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is illustrative of the condition of much of the Southern part of the country.

Governor Scott appointed colored County Commissioners at Unionville, a little town of a thousand inhabitants, and a company of colored militia was stationed there. A man named Stevens, who had been rich, but who had lost every thing during the war, was one day bringing a barrel of whisky into the town. He was met by some twenty militia-men, to whom he refused to give all the whisky that they wanted, and they murdered him. Several colored men were thereupon arrested and imprisoned, and it was rumored that some of the militia would attempt their rescue. In the evening, as it was reported that a body of colored men were assembled at a certain house, the sheriff sent a posse to disperse them. The posse was fired upon from the house, and returning the fire, two of the militia were killed. The next night a barn was burned, and a captain of militia being arrested, was about to be released by his men, who, however, desisted at his request. Two nights afterward the Ku-Klux came to the town, arrested the sheriff, broke into the jail, took out five of the prisoners, murdered two of them, desperately wounding the others. The citizens then begged the Governor to send some United States troops. It is not stated what the Governor replied. But after two or three weeks the sheriff was ordered, under a writ of habeas corpus, to remove the three wounded men to Columbia. The night before they were to go three hundred Ku-Klux came to the town, masked, bound the officers of the jail, broke it open, took out ten prisoners who had not been tried, against whom no evidence had been offered, and murdered them by hanging and shooting.

Some weeks passed during these transactions. The Ku-Klux had apparently absolute control. There is no allusion in the report in the *Commercial* of any effort upon the part of the proper authorities to enforce the law and keep the peace. It was a complete system of terror; and the dullest fool can see whether, under such a system, the colored men or their friends would be allowed by the Ku-Klux to vote against its will. It is a situation very much graver and more deplorable than that of the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania during Washington's administration, or Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts at an earlier period. It is a disorder so threatening that it should command the most serious reflection of every good citizen of every party. Any tendency to justify such a situation is a disposition to tolerate anarchy. Any attempt to belittle or to ridicule such crimes against civil society itself reveals a disastrous indifference to all the safeguards of liberty and order. Yet this is the spirit and the tendency of the Democratic party. The control of the national government is seriously contested by those who virtually justify these murders. The pretense is that justice was not likely to be done through the regular forms, although the report in the Cincinnati *Commercial* states that two of the Stevens murderers who were not in the jail when the Ku-Klux came were subsequently tried and convicted by a jury of six white and six colored men, and sentenced to be hung.

Even the New York *World*, which is as good a specimen as there is of the Democratic papers which advocate "acquiescence" in the settlements of the war, calls this occurrence a foul murder "irregularly avenged." It says: "A part of the twenty black ruffians and cutthroats who murdered Mr. Stevens have got what they richly deserved, although justice 'came across lots' in consequence of a blocking up of the regular road. Thirteen out of the twenty were punished without judge or jury, and *if there were no mistakes of identity*, the only crime of the citizens was in cheating the gallows of its rightful victims." This is the same old spirit which used to say, when a Northern man was mobbed, or shot, or hung, or burned in a Southern State, under suspicion of being an Abolitionist, that it served him right. It shows how instinctive is excuse for the most threatening lawlessness upon the part of those whose party necessities have trained them to defend slavery, the most wanton crime against the divine law.

And it shows to every thoughtful man in the country how wholly the sympathy of the most advanced Democratic partisans is with those who ravage and murder in the Southern States, if only their victims are of the colored race. That colored soldiers, maddened by the whisky given them by Stevens, and irritated by his refusal of more, murdered him on the spot, is, in such Democratic judgment, a "foul murder." That, weeks afterward, in the dead of night, three hundred masked men take ten men from prison, and murder them in cold blood, is "irregular" vengeance. It must not be forgotten that the success of the Democratic party is the success of the Ku-Klux—of the spirit which malignantly cherishes the social prejudices and the political theories from which the war and all our sorrow sprang. Its success would be not only a change of administration, but the control of the government of the Union by the party which is supremely jealous of the Union, and which declares that its reconstruction and its present condition are unconstitutional and void. What would the country gain by such a result?

GERMANY IN NEW YORK.

The German Peace Festival in New York was one of the most significant days in the history of the city. During four hours the great procession passed through the chief streets, under a summer sky, and amidst the applause of thousands of persons crowding balcony and window and roof. Flags were every where flying, and there was never a more conscious sense of general public enjoyment than on that day. Hitherto our great celebrations have been American or Irish. But Americans are always ashamed to enjoy themselves, and the Irish don't know how. The English Sunday, which we in this country inherited, and which ought to be the happiest and brightest of holidays, is the gloomiest of days; and an Irish fair or feast is famous for the shillelah and broken heads. But the Germans have the genius of enjoyment. There is many a citizen of Dresden, or Munich, or Hanover, or Berlin, or Leipsic, or of the smaller towns, who gets more enjoyment out of an income of five hundred dollars than most Americans from twenty or forty times as much. In the national character, at large, this appears, perhaps, as self-sufficiency. But it is just that quality, well trained, which brought King William of Prussia to be crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles.

Every part of the pageant on Easter-Monday showed the spirit of the whole. Crossing the city in the morning, we met a little rill flowing along a side street to join the main stream. A band of music, merrily playing, marched before, and a banner borne by a stout arm announced that the little procession was the workmen of a certain cigar factory. They walked in ranks, neat, smiling, sturdy, every one smoking. Then came a huge wagon canopied with flags, and festooned with flowers, in which a group of workmen, with all their material and tools, were busily making cigars, which were scattered among the crowd upon the sidewalks. Another wagon followed, in which other men were making cigar-boxes as tranquilly as if they were sitting in the factory. It was a small procession, a mere handful, but it symbolized the whole. Its impression was unavoidable. It was that of steady, intelligent industry. It was a glimpse of that quality which has made Germany the greatest of Continental powers.

Indeed, in looking for the explanation of the immense superiority which the Germans have shown in the late war with the French, we must consider not only the civil system and the military system, but the educative and industrial system. It is not enough that the bayonets are sharpened and symmetrical; they must also think. There was a great deal of fun made of the German soldier in spectacles solacing himself with a little Hebrew when he was relieved on guard; but the foundation of the jest is as significant a fact as any in the explanation of the German spectacle. The best military system in the world will not make the best soldiers out of worthless men. It is as impossible to get the finest results from human shoddy as the finest cloth from woolen shoddy. The observation of the French officer, Colonel Stoffel, after a long and profound study of the Prussian military system, that the quality which especially characterizes and strengthens the Prussian army and people is "a sense of duty," is a remarkable recognition of the value of moral forces from a military critic. And it is a striking coincidence that a thoughtful article in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review*, written perhaps by the Marquis of Salisbury, attributes the decline and fall of France to the spirit of the revolution of '89, which, by insisting solely upon equality, has destroyed in the French mind the sense of duty, and consequently of responsibility.

The *Nation* wisely asks why this great German element of industry and intelligence should not be politically combined with American industry and intelligence in the city of New York under Republican auspices. Wherever the German element is powerful, as in the Northwest, and in certain parts of Texas, even, the Republican faith is in the ascendant. The Democratic leaders could never do much with the Germans, who naturally rejected slavery, and they therefore turned to more promising proselytes. But the intelligence, the respect for order, the love of liberty, which underlie the Republican faith, and make it, therefore, in the truest and most comprehensive sense, the national party, are naturally agreeable to the Germans; and at this moment one of the most philosophical and powerful defenders of that faith is a German, Senator Schurz.

THE KU-KLUX AND AMNESTY.

It is comparatively unimportant whether the Ku-Klux is a purely political organization or not. It is enough that it has necessarily a direct political bearing. It springs confessedly from hostility to the colored citizens. Out of one hundred and thirty cases specifically and by name reported in North Carolina, eighty-nine were colored, and forty-one white; and the white were victims because of their sympathy with the colored citizens. Now, as the colored citizens are almost exclusively of one party, and all the Ku-Klux, without exception, of the other, and as one of the alleged excuses of the crimes is the political rights conferred upon the colored citizens, the necessary political influence of the whole conspiracy is evident, even if it were not very fully established.

Obviously, therefore, the duty of the dominant party in the government is plain. It is, first of all, to ascertain what actual cause of dissatisfaction there is. An honest effort of this kind would undoubtedly show that there is a great deal of ignorance and incapacity and rascality in the Southern State governments, as we all know there is in the State of New York; that a large class of the most intelligent and influential citizens are disfranchised, and therefore apathetic, or venomously hostile, constantly chagrined and indignant with the consciousness of their inability to remedy misgovernment. Is it wise to continue this source of discontent? Can it be extinguished by force? If the number of the disabled be large, the discontent is natural. If it be insignificant, nothing can be gained by excluding them. The advantage of the punishment is lost in the disadvantage of bitter hostility to a policy which, since it can effect no actual result, inevitably seems to be wanton. Mr. Hale's amnesty excepts a thousand or two, perhaps, in the Southern States. But such a number is merely a thorn which pricks a million. The bill gives to each one of the proscribed the power of a martyr. The discontent is not according to the number. It is the sense of wrong, not its extent, which tells. A century ago Lord North said that he would not tax America heavily, but he would declare the right of taxing. And so, said Mr. Webster, the Revolution was fought upon a preamble. The argument for any amnesty is conclusive for a complete amnesty.

Meanwhile we have no sentimental expectations from an amnesty. The old slave-holding class that led the rebellion—men like Davis, Hampton, and Toombs—will hate the Union, and the party and principles that maintained it, as heartily as the old English Cavaliers hated Cromwell, or as the Jacobites hated the house of Hanover. They will work and vote against Republican ascendency. But so they work against it now, and the exclusion of a thousand or two does us no good, and only gives them a plausible cry—that is to say, it helps them, and hurts us. Mr. Wendell Phillips declares that the demand for amnesty is a "coward and blundering anxiety for party success," and that it will dig the grave of the Republican party. Now we confess that it is a desire for party success, based upon the profound conviction that the success of the party is indispensable to the national welfare, which leads us to urge an amnesty. It certainly is not to propitiate the Ku-Klux Democracy, but it is to baffle them. Amnesty is not cowardly, but heroic, and it is the soundest policy for the Republican party. Should we have been really stronger, and the country more peaceful, if the States had been restored with the entire ex-rebel population disfranchised? Is it not wise, or is it cowardly, to do what is practicable to soften, since we can not extinguish, the necessary ill feeling between the old and the new citizens in the Southern States?

One of Mr. Phillips's finest passages is a denunciation of the English policy in Ireland a hundred years ago. Remembering that, we see three things that ought to be done in the disturbed part of the Union. First, the pretense of what is called "negro ascendency"—a pretense which rests upon the fact that all the disfranchised are white, and which disappears the moment that all are made politically equal—should be removed by a general amnesty. Then the people of the Union should require the government to secure the widest education in every State. And the government, simultaneously with amnesty, should take ample care that those whom it has made citizens are perfectly protected in voting. What the Ku-Klux can do in preventing voting was shown in the State of Louisiana at the last Presidential election. In certain parishes or counties where the aggregate registered colored vote was hundreds, and even thousands, only one or two Republican votes—in some no Republican vote at all—was cast. In Caddo parish there were 777 registered white votes, and 2987 colored; and 2895 votes were polled for Seymour, and 1 for Grant. In De Soto there were 620 registered white votes, and 1700 colored; and there were 1260 for Seymour, and none for Grant. In sixteen parishes the aggregate registered colored vote was more than 33,000; and there were 1188 Republican votes polled against nearly 50,000 for Seymour. Had the election been decided by the vote of Louisiana the result would have been as evidently fraudulent as the election of Hoffman in this State in 1868. And if the next Presidential election should be very close, and decided by the vote of a State in which the Ku-Klux terror prevailed, it could not be accepted as valid. On the other hand, what the government can do was shown in the city of New York last autumn; and not a single honest voter was hindered from voting or forced to vote against his will.

The alternative is very simple. It is whether, in the light of experience and common sense, a national election in this country is likely to be fairer with national supervisors and bayonets to support them, or with the Ku-Klux terror and ballot-box stuffers. And it is not for the masked Ku-Klux, murdering indiscriminately at midnight, nor for Tammany repeaters, nor for their apologists and accomplices, to appeal to the old English law removing soldiers two miles from the polls. That law is now changed, and merely retains the soldiers in their barracks, as ours were retained last autumn. Meanwhile the rule of common sense is to guard against the most obvious danger. Let every good citizen ask himself this question: Is an honest election more threatened by the Ku-Klux and repeaters, or by the military force that may be summoned to hold them in check?

EASTER REJOICINGS.

It is agreed that Easter-Sunday was never so generally observed as it was this year. The day was soft and warm. The streets were full of holiday crowds. The churches were profusely decorated with flowers, and merry and solemn chimes rang sweetly from the towers. If the reverend Dutch dominies of the older days, or the Reverend Cotton Mather of the old Puritan commonwealth, had seen the smiling and perfumed splendors of the day, they would have sighed over the failing faith of the people. And certainly the first impression which the universal celebration of Easter produces is that the old puritanic view of Christianity is disappearing. The Christianity of the "Scarlet Letter," of the bare, cold barn of a meeting-house, of the Blue Laws, of the stern old dispensation, is evidently yielding to a gentler and more graceful spirit. For the celebration was not confined to the more ecclesiastical sects. The Congregational and Unitarian churches rejoiced no less than the Roman, the English, and the ritualist. The altar and the communion-table were equally covered with flowers, and the sermon every where had an Easter significance.

In itself this is a pleasant sign. Whatever redeems religion from gloom and asceticism, whatever brings it home to the heart and universal sympathy, whatever wreathes it with beauty and grace, lifts it out of the tomb and clothes it with radiant life. The old theory that religion is austere and forbidding, something separate from common life—the theory that transforms a sick woman, morbidly nervous, into a saint, and opposes this world to another—is like the political theory that divides the government from the people. A better political wisdom makes the people the government, and a finer religious perception makes religion joyful and beautiful, not sick and sad, and unites this world with the next, and time with eternity, by the fact of immortality. Contempt of this world, in which divine love places us, is as foolish as contempt of any other in which we may be placed. Dr. Watts has a great many gloomy and horrible verses to answer for, but he sings truly when he says,

> "Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less."

Easter is the jubilee of religious faith. It falls in the spring, when the world is newly budding and blooming, when the seed quickens in the ground, when the green returns to the hills, when the full streams sparkle along the valleys, when the long silence and seeming death of winter dissolve in life and light and music. The feeling of spring is a renewed sense of the Divine love and goodness, and it is gladly symbolized in the Easter tradition. The beauty of flowers, the purity of lilies, the sweetness of roses, the ringing of bells, the joyous peals of organs and of choirs, all sympathize with the wonderful and familiar story of the resurrection. Winter, like a rock, is rolled from the mouth of the tomb in which nature lay, and spring, like the shining angel, whispers, "He is not here; he is risen." The general and increasing celebration of the festival might be regretted if it showed merely a growing ecclesiasticism. If it were only a splendid idolatry, it would be deplorable. But it is not that. It is the natural association of beauty and joy with the Christian history and the religious instinct; and the more natural religion becomes—that is, the more clearly it is seen that "the kingdom of heaven is within you"—the more truly religious will human life become.

A PATRIOTIC LOVE-FEAST.

There was recently an extraordinary love-feast in the city. Mr. Greeley was one of the party, and the ex-rebel General Imboden another. Mr. Charles W. Godard, lately one of the most active Republican leaders, took sweet counsel with Mr. John Mitchel, recently a rebel editor in Richmond, previously an aspirant for an Alabama plantation, and earlier an Irish patriot and exile. There were other gentlemen present, and all were gathered for an admirable purpose. Indeed, it is pleasant to read the record of the meeting, and to feel that those who differ so warmly in politics can harmoniously meet and discuss as friends a policy which is truly that of patriotism and peace. For the object of the meeting was the establishment of a national emigration bureau to assist those who wish to settle in colonies already formed, or to found new settlements.

Immediately after the war the most sagacious men in the country saw that emigration from the Northern States to the Southern would be one of the firmest bonds of peace, and that nothing would tend to heal the wounds of war so rapidly and effectually. Ignorance of the people, of the opinions, of the actual condition of the Northern States, was one of the chief dependencies of the rebel leaders in exciting their followers to exasperation. Homogeneity of feeling and intelligence had been utterly destroyed. Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, was one of the earliest and most earnest friends of emigration as a political and patriotic policy. But the unhappy performances of Andrew Johnson confused and complicated the situation. The reviving rebel element displayed its spirit so plainly that there was no general movement Southward except of political adventurers; and there has been very evident danger of a return of the old want of common intelligence and feeling. Indeed, at this moment there is no more truly patriotic effort than that of promoting the movement of skilled and intelligent industry toward the Western and Southern States; and it is in that view that the meeting of which we speak is of general interest and significance.

There are thousands of persons, young and old, who would certainly seek a home away from the crowded centres of population if they only knew how to begin, where to apply, and what and whom to trust. Many of the States have colonizing agencies in the city of New York, but they are not known, and they are not concentrated into a system. General Imboden, for instance, is the Virginia State agent of emigration, and he spoke very sensibly at the meeting, warmly approving colonies or settlement in some numbers, as promising cheaper prices of land to the buyers. Mr. Greeley spoke of the Union Colony at Greeley, Colorado. Mr. C. W. Godard stated the advantages of settlement in Florida. Mr. G. H. Sweet thought Texas was the place to go to to make money. Colonel J. H. Loomis represented the attractions of the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and Mr. C. R. Marshall celebrated the charms of Mississippi. If the result of the comparison of views should be the establishment of a national emigration agency, it would be one of the most sensible and practical steps yet taken toward the final restoration of the Union.

MRS. GRUNDY IN COURT.

The gross abuse of personal gossip in newspapers has been often pointed out by the indignant moralist, but the Lord Chief Justice of England has just denounced it in the strongest terms from the bench, and a jury has awarded exemplary damages. But, of course, the damage of such gossip is not to be estimated nor remedied. Exposure to the public comments of Mrs. Grundy is one of the risks which belong to a free press. The only real safeguard is the honor of the editor. Every American friend of Jenny Lind—that is to say, every body who heard her when she was in this country—has been deeply pained by the rumors which have floated through the press that she was unfortunately married, and that her husband had squandered her fortune, so that she was compelled to support her family by teaching. There have, indeed, been the most ingenious and sad elaborations of the story. It was a morsel exquisitely appetizing to Mrs. Grundy, and she has told the melancholy tale and bemoaned the hapless fate of the Swedish Nightingale with variations *ad libitum.*

The story was copied from a New York paper into certain London journals; and as it had been long current, Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt decided, as the only way of silencing it, to submit to the disagreeable publicity of a suit. It was brought before the Lord Chief Justice, and the Solicitor-General spoke in prosecution. Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt were both compelled, of course, to appear as witnesses. She testified to their entire happiness, and to his care of her property, and his personal economy, and said that they had suffered silent persecution ever since her marriage in consequence of these calumnies. Mr. Goldschmidt was obliged to say that he had never been addicted to gambling, that he did not frequent billiard-tables, and did not even play whist. When asked if he had extravagant tastes, he said that he should like to have the terms of the question defined; that he had not habitually kept a saddle-horse, and did not even smoke; that his wife's fortune was settled on her at her marriage; that their joint earnings were invested at interest, and that Mrs. Goldschmidt's property was now double what it was when she was married.

The Lord Chief Justice said that the libel was most scandalous and abominable, and without the shadow of foundation; and the defendant, Mr. Wyman, the publisher of one of the papers in which the story was republished in England, said that he would not have inserted it had he seen it, and that it had been contradicted with an expression of the utmost regret. In returning the verdict for the prosecution the foreman added emphatically that they knew no amount of damages could compensate Mr. Goldschmidt for the injury inflicted by so iniquitous a libel. The moral of this trial is that Mrs. Grundy is a liar. There is no more foundation for half the stories which she tells in the newspapers than for this wanton falsehood about Jenny Lind and her husband. The only safe rule for the reader is to disbelieve every injurious tale that she tattles, and the only honorable rule for an editor is to refuse to print her twaddle.

NOTES.

We learn that T. Buchanan Read's picture of "Sheridan's Ride" will be exhibited here immediately. The poem by Mr. Read upon this subject, which has been printed and recited all over the country until it has become entirely familiar, was suggested, we believe, by a very striking picture of the incident which was published in *Harper's Weekly* at the time. The scene so strongly possessed the imagination of the poet that he afterward embodied it in the picture, which has also traveled far. It represents one of those picturesque and poetic little episodes in the war which, like Washington's prayer at Valley Forge and his oath at Monmouth, will live with the great story itself.

We hope that New York Republicans have now learned the folly of making bargains with the Ring. They made one last year about the charter, and this year, of course, the Ring takes back the consideration. It is not safe to play with the most child-like looking gentlemen until you have counted both the Jacks and the packs in their innocent sleeves. If a Republican, indeed, goes to the Legislature to be bribed, let him take his money. But there are many who do not; and they should not be deceived, nor try to deceive others, by talking about the gain to the public by ingenious collusion. Gain there undoubtedly will be, but not to the public. It seems to be clear that certain Republicans intimated that if Mr. Irving was expelled the Democratic plans should still be completed. If this be so, those Republicans not only betrayed the public welfare, but they made the most stupid party blunder. Meanwhile we invite the attention of intelligent men every where to the fact that the New York Democrats, under the thumb of Mr. Tweed, gravely proposed to dissolve the Legislature, because the Republicans, in a party caucus, decided that they could not support certain bills which they not only believed to be injurious to the public interest, but intended merely to help the Democratic party.

The *World*—a Democratic paper—says: "Blink it and shirk it as you may, confuse it as you will by cloudy irrelevance, the real point is whether the Democratic party will attempt to abolish negro suffrage in the Presidential campaign of 1872." There is no doubt of it; and it is for intelligent people to determine whether a party which has not decided that question in 1871 can safely be trusted with the government in 1872.

The business patrons of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who lately obliged Mr. Childs to enlarge it by four columns, appear to entertain designs against the whole paper. Not long since a number came to us containing over seventeen hundred separate advertisements. The only way by which Mr. Childs can put a stop to this continual encroachment on the columns of the *Ledger* is not to make so good a paper, and keep its circulation down to less extravagant figures. As long as the *Ledger* circulates upward of a hundred thousand copies every day, and is read by half a million of people, these insatiable advertisers will keep up their raids upon its columns.

A new volume by Robert Collyer, of Chicago, is announced for May by Horace B. Fuller, of Boston. That it will be a treasury of wisdom and wit, of the most delicate insight, the most humane sympathy, the most poetic imagination, all who have heard the eloquent preacher, or read his delightful "Nature and Life," will be sure.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The year 1871 bids fair to be marked in the history of American science for the great number of exploring expeditions under the auspices of the United States government. Some of these have already been mentioned in our columns; but we may briefly enumerate the whole, by noticing, first, that of Captain C. F. Hall, the well-known arctic traveler, for whose proposed polar exploration the United States steamer *Periwinkle* is now being prepared at the Washington Navy-yard. This vessel, of nearly four hundred tons burden, is said to be very stanch and reliable, and her equipment will be of the best order. It is understood that the expedition will start about the end of May, and that Captain Hall's scientific assistants will be Dr. David Walker, formerly known as the surgeon and physicist of Sir Leopold M'Clintock's expedition in the *Fox;* and Dr. Emil Bessels, who has seen arctic service in a Spitzbergen expedition.

Dr. F. V. Hayden, long known to the public as a geologist and explorer, continues his labors of the past season, with the aid of an appropriation by Congress of $40,000. His party is now being fitted out, and will be provided with the necessary assistants in all branches of research. His work will be to the northward of the scene of his last year's explorations.

A third expedition is that of Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler, which, under the direction of the War Department, proceeds to explore certain little-known regions of Arizona and Southern Nevada, including the country about the Lower Colorado and Bill Williams Fork. This work will require several years for its completion.

Major Powell, of whose expedition, of 1870, we have already given some account, continues his labors during the present season, and expects to make a careful examination of the cañons of Green River as well as of the Colorado.

The death has just been announced, at the age of sixty-eight, of Mr. Henry Denny, the well-known curator of the Leed's Philosophical Society, an office which he had held for nearly fifty years. As an author, Mr. Denny is best known by his work upon the lice of the different species of animals—a study peculiarly his own.

Dr. Petermann, in a late article on the opening up of a portion of the northern Polar Sea by the voyages and observations of sundry Norwegian navigators in 1870, states that the most important result of these expeditions consists in their showing a complete melting of the ice in the whole of the sea of Kara, and that the few floating cakes of winter ice remaining in midsummer do not at all affect its navigability, nor the successful pursuit of hunting and fishing. Several maps accompanying the memoirs show the precise condition of the temperature, and other physical features of the Kara Sea during the different months throughout the year.

Stimulated by the success of the experiment made by the Philadelphians in stocking the Delaware River with black bass, some public-spirited gentlemen of Reading, Pennsylvania, have undertaken to try the same experiment in the Schuylkill, and $350 have already been subscribed for the purpose.

We have already referred to the expedition of some students from Williams College to Central America, and given, from time to time, some notice of their movements. We now learn that they reached New York, on their return, on the 20th of March, after an absence of several months. Although exposed to various dangers and perils, they succeeded in accomplishing their mission without any mischance, and brought home quite a valuable collection of specimens, especially of birds and insects.

Mr. George Clarke has lately memorialized the Legislature of Michigan in regard to the destruction of the white fish in the lakes, and thinks that whatever be the influence of pounds and nets on the abundance of these fish, the total abolition of such engines of capture will not, at the present time, materially affect the supply. He thinks the proper remedy is to take measures for the artificial multiplication of the species by establishing hatching-beds, and protecting the eggs and young fish from the different predacious animals and other means of destruction that now lie in wait for them. Among the most important enemies, he mentions "water lizards," probably the *Menobranchus lateralis*—a large salamandroid, abounding in the lake waters. The lizards, according to Mr. Clarke, are so abundant that he has caught two thousand in a few nights.

The editorship of the *Ausland*, the well-known Augsburg journal of geology, geography, and anthropology, has lately changed hands, Dr. Peschel, the late editor, having been called to the University of Leipsic as Professor of Geography, and being succeeded by Mr. R. Andree.

The attention of astronomers throughout the world is directed toward the approaching transit of Venus, to occur on the 18th of December, 1874, and it is hoped that the United States Congress, with the same liberality that induced it to make an appropriation for the observation of the solar eclipse of December last, and for the polar exploration under Captain Hall, will also, at the proper time, advance the funds necessary for the research in this case. The British, German, and other foreign governments have already initiated measures looking toward concerted action on the part of European astronomers in reference to the observation of this phenomenon; and Professor Hall, of the Washington Observatory, in a late communication to the *Journal of Science*, expresses the hope that a similar concert of action will be settled upon by American astronomers, in order that they may not be behind their European confrères in the attempt to secure satisfactory results. A committee has been appointed by the National Academy of Sciences to take into consideration a general plan of operations, and it is expected that a report will be made on the subject at the approaching meeting in Washington city.

In the forthcoming number of the *American Journal of Science* will be found an article, by Professor Marsh, upon some new serpents of the tertiary deposits of Wyoming. It will be remembered that in a previous notice of Professor Marsh's discoveries in the Rocky Mountains we called attention to the difference observed by him between the contents of the tertiary beds in the vicinity of Fort Bridger and those of the Mauvaises Terres of the Upper Missouri, the former being especially characterized, as compared with the latter, by the presence of reptiles in great variety. Among these are many terrestrial species, including several kinds of land lizards; and among the forms generally serpents appear to be quite predominant. Of the latter, Professor Marsh has already determined the existence of five new species, belonging to three new genera; and others will probably be yet brought to light.

The opening up of communication with Paris brings intelligence of the decease, on the 12th of November last, at the age of fifty-eight, of Professor A. H. A. Dumeril, an eminent naturalist, well known from his connection with the Paris Society of Acclimatation, and for the many important works published by him upon different departments of special and applied natural history. It is as a writer upon reptiles and fishes that Professor Dumeril is, perhaps, best known, and his monographs on these subjects are of standard authority. As a leading member of the Institute of France, and of the Natural History Museum of Paris, his loss will be much felt.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 10.—In the Senate, an unsuccessful attempt was made to get the Ku-Klux bill under consideration.—In the House, a resolution was adopted, by a vote of 130 to 21, affirming that the true principle of revenue reform was to abolish the internal revenue system. Mr. Hale, of Maine, introduced a bill removing political disabilities, except in certain cases, which was passed, under a suspension of the rules, by a vote of 134 to 46.

April 11.—In the Senate, the Amnesty bill was received from the House, and notice given that a motion would be made for its consideration before the end of the session. The Ku-Klux bill occupied the rest of the day, but no vote was reached.—The Deficiency bill was debated in the House, but no action was taken.

April 12.—The Senate adopted a resolution in favor of a reduction of taxes. The debate on the Ku-Klux bill was then proceeded with, but no vote was reached.—A bill was introduced in the House laying restrictions on the importation of laborers from China and other Oriental countries. The consideration of the Deficiency bill was continued, and various amendments were disposed of, but the bill itself was not acted on.

April 13.—The Ku-Klux bill was still further debated in the Senate.—The House adopted the Senate amendment to the Deficiency bill repealing the act fixing the 4th of March as the day for the opening of each new Congress.

April 14.—The Senate passed the Ku-Klux bill by a vote of 45 to 19.—In the House, the Deficiency bill was further discussed, without final action. An amendment requiring the national banks to pay for printing their own notes was adopted.

April 15.—The Senate debated the Amnesty bill, but took no action thereon.—The House took up the Senate amendments to the Ku-Klux bill, and refused to concur in them.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Mr. Irving, the member of the State Legislature from New York who made an assault upon a fellow Democratic member, anticipated the verdict of the committee of investigation by resigning his seat. This occasioned a dead-lock in Democratic plans of legislation, as without him they lacked just one vote of a majority. For a time it looked as if the Tammany game was blocked; but at length a Republican member, Mr. Winans, of Chautauqua County, was induced to vote with the Democrats, and enabled them to carry out their schemes.

The agents of a German colonization society, who purchased 2000 acres of land for a German settlement in Tennessee some months ago, have made another purchase of 1000 acres within ten miles from Nashville. Two hundred families are at once to commence founding a city.

General Sherman has gone to New Orleans, whence he will start on a grand tour of inspection of the military on the Plains as far north as the Union Pacific Railroad.

Several vessels of the fishing fleet from Gloucester, Massachusetts, are missing, and much anxiety is felt there. Forty-five lives and six vessels have been lost on George's Banks since January 1, 1871.

While sinking a shaft on King Bee Mine, near Ogden, Utah Territory, lately, some miners discovered a cave of unknown dimensions. Though they have been exploring it, they have as yet discovered nothing of importance.

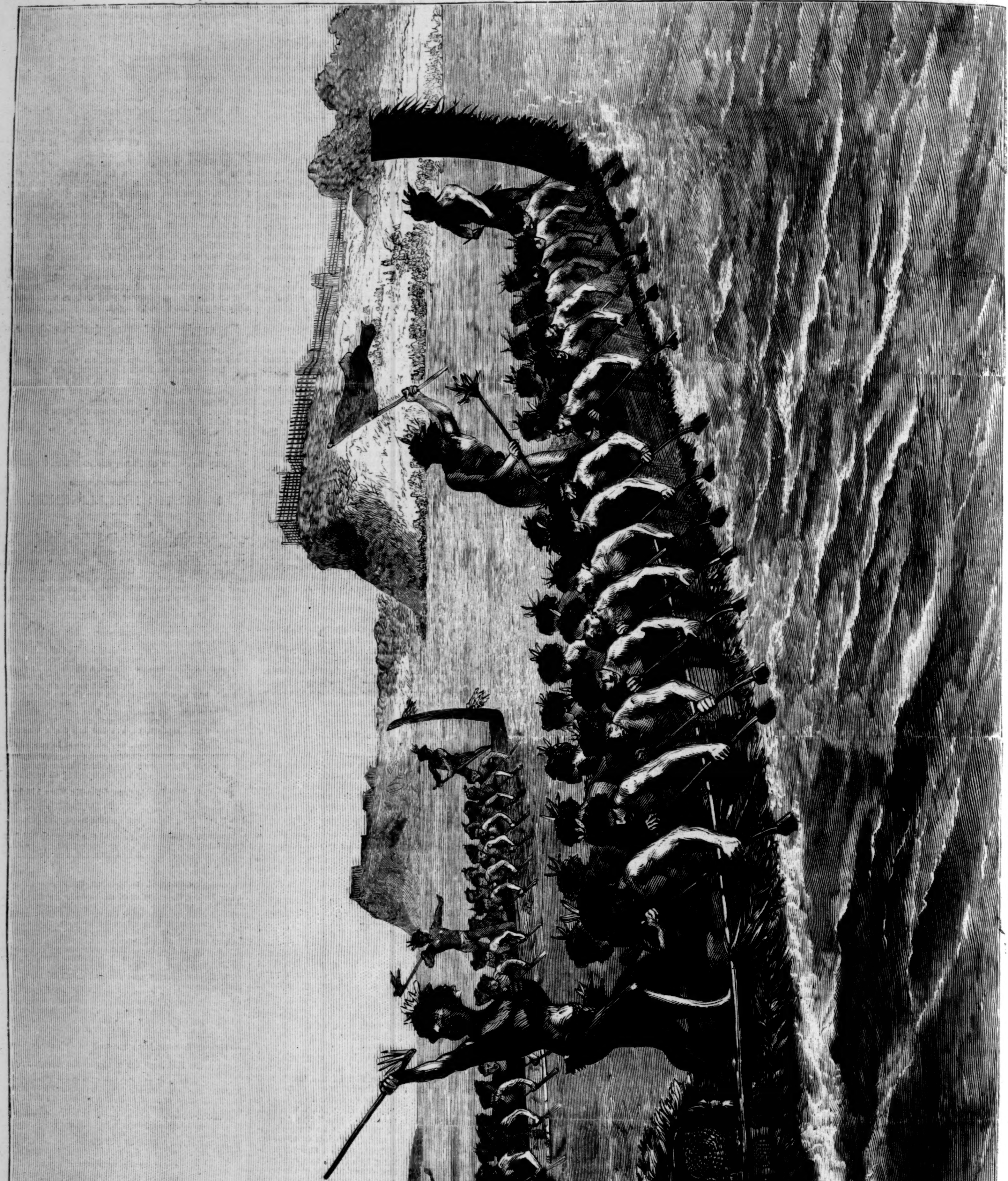
FOREIGN NEWS.

The position of affairs at Paris remains essentially unchanged. The Versailles troops occupy the towns of Boulogne, Asnières, and Sablonville, and have erected several new batteries. On the 12th of April a delegation of insurgents proceeded to Versailles, and were courteously received by M. Thiers. His reply to them was that they must lay down their arms unconditionally, and then municipal franchises will be granted to the city. The lives of insurgents will be spared, but the laboring people must return to their work. On the 15th a brisk cannonade occurred near Neuilly, and General Cluseret claimed to have repulsed the Versailles troops. An alarm had been given at Vanvres, on a rumor that the government troops were advancing, though no engagement ensued. There is no reliance to be placed in the telegraphic reports. The Communists claim that on the 14th and 15th successive attacks made by the Versailles troops on Fort d'Issy were repulsed, and that 400 government soldiers were captured in an attack on Neuilly by General Dombrowski. The Versailles dispatches deny the capture, and that any important military event had occurred.

The Communists have indirectly demanded that the foreign embassadors assume the task of arranging the quarrel existing between the two governments, but the embassadors are reluctant to accept the responsibility.

The insurgent authorities in Paris have seized the plate in the Foreign Office, and made a demand upon the Church for 1,000,000 francs, threatening to kill the archbishop if it is not forthcoming.

A religious riot has occurred at Odessa, in which the Jews were the sufferers.

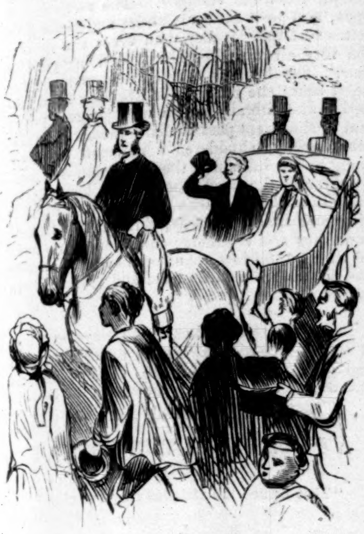


A NEW ZEALAND WAR CANOE RACE.—[See Page 387.]

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



"THE CLATTER OF HORSES' FEET. THE ROLL OF WHEELS."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Meantime Mr. Oldfield began to tell the Admiral who he was, and that he was come to remove a false impression about a client of his, Sir Charles Bassett.

"That, Sir," said the Admiral, sternly, "is a name we never mention here."

He rose and went to the folding-doors, and deliberately closed them.

The Somerset, thus defeated, bit her lip, and sat all of a heap, like a cat about to spring, looking sulky and vicious.

Mr. Oldfield persisted, and, as he took the Admiral's hint and lowered his voice, he was interrupted no more, but made a simple statement of those facts which are known to the reader.

Admiral Bruce heard them, and admitted that the case was not quite so bad as he had thought.

Then Mr. Oldfield proposed that Sir Charles should be re-admitted.

"No," said the old Admiral, firmly; "turn it how you will, it is too ugly; the bloom of the thing is gone. Why should my daughter take that woman's leavings? Why should I give her pure heart to a man about town?"

"Because you will break it else," said Miss Somerset, with affected politeness.

"Give her credit for more dignity, madam, if you please," replied Admiral Bruce, with equal politeness.

"Oh, bother dignity!" cried the Somerset.

At this free phrase from so well-dressed a lady Admiral Bruce opened his eyes, and inquired of Oldfield, rather satirically, who was this lady that did him the honor to interfere in his family affairs.

Oldfield looked confused; but Somerset, full of mother-wit, was not to be caught napping. "I'm a by-stander; and they always see clearer than the folk themselves. You are a man of honor, Sir, and you are very clever at sea, no doubt, and a fighter, and all that; but you are no match for land-sharks. You are being made a dupe and a tool of. Who do you think wrote that anonymous letter to your daughter? A friend of truth? a friend of injured innocence? Nothing of the sort. One Richard Bassett—Sir Charles's cousin. Here, Mr. Oldfield, please compare those two handwritings closely, and you will see I am right." She put down the anonymous letter and Richard Bassett's letter to herself; but she could not wait for Mr. Oldfield to compare the documents, now her tongue was set going. "Yes, gentlemen, this is new to you; but you'll find that little scheming rascal wrote them both, and with as base a motive and as black a heart as any other anonymous coward's. His game is to make Sir Charles Bassett die childless, and so then this dirty fellow would inherit the estate; and owing to you being so green, and swallowing an anonymous letter like pure water from the spring, he very nearly got his way. Sir Charles has been at death's door along of all this."

"Hush, madam! not so loud, please," whispered Admiral Bruce, looking uneasily toward the folding-doors.

"Why not?" bawled the Somerset. "The truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed. I tell you that your precious letter brought Sir Charles Bassett to the brink of the grave. Soon as ever he got it he came tearing in his cab to Miss Somerset's house, and accused her of telling the lie to keep him—and he might have known better, for the jade never did a sneaking thing in her life. But, any way, he thought it must be her doing, miscalled her like a dog, and raged at her dreadful, and at last—what with love and fury and despair—he had the terriblest fit you ever saw. He fell down as black as your hat, and his eyes rolled, and his teeth gnashed, and he foamed at the mouth, and took four to hold him; and presently as white as a ghost, and given up for dead. No pulse for hours; and when his life came back his reason was gone."

"Good Heavens, madam!"

"For a time it was. How he did rave! and 'Bella' the only name on his lips. And now he lies in his own house as weak as water. Come, old gentleman, don't you be too hard; you are not a child, like your daughter; take the world as it is. Do you think you will ever find a man of fortune who has not had a lady friend? Why, every single gentleman in London that can afford to keep a saddle-horse has an article of that sort in some corner or other; and if he parts with her as soon as his banns are cried, that is all you can expect. Do you think any mother in Belgravia would make a row about that? They are downier than you are; they would shrug their aristocratic shoulders, and decline to listen to the *past* lives of their sons-in-law—unless it was all in the newspapers, mind you."

"If Belgravian mothers have mercenary minds, that is no reason why I should, whose cheeks have bronzed in the service of a virtuous queen, and whose hairs have whitened in honor."

On receiving this broadside the Somerset altered her tone directly, and said, obsequiously: "That is true, Sir, and I beg your pardon for comparing you to the trash. But brave men are pitiful, you know. Then show your pity here. Pity a gentleman that repented his faults as soon as your daughter showed him there was a better love within reach, and now lies stung by an anonymous viper, and almost dying of love and mortification; and pity your own girl, that will soon lose her health, and perhaps her life, if you don't give in."

"She is not so weak, madam. She is in better spirits already."

"Ay, but then she didn't know what he had suffered for *her*. She does now, for I heard her moan; and she will die for him now, or else she will give you twice as many kisses as usual some day, and cry a bucketful over you, and then run away with her lover. I know women better than you do; I am one of the precious lot."

The Admiral replied only with a look of superlative scorn. This incensed the Somerset; and that daring woman, whose ear was nearer to the door, and had caught sounds that escaped the men, actually turned the handle, and while her eye flashed defiance, her vigorous foot spurned the folding-doors wide open in half a moment.

Bella Bruce lay with her head sideways on the table, and her hands extended, moaning and sobbing piteously for poor Sir Charles.

"For shame, madam, to expose my child," cried the Admiral, bursting with indignation and grief. He rushed to her and took her in his arms.

She scarcely noticed him, for the moment he turned her she caught sight of Miss Somerset, and recognized her face in a moment. "Ah! the Sister of Charity!" she cried, and stretched out her hands to her, with a look and a gesture so innocent, confiding, and imploring, that the Somerset, already much excited by her own eloquence, took a turn not uncommon with termagants, and began to cry herself.

But she soon stopped that, for she saw her time was come to go, and avoid unpleasant explanations. She made a dart and secured the two letters. "Settle it among yourselves," said she, wheeling round and bestowing this advice on the whole party; then shot a sharp arrow at the Admiral as she fled: "If you must be a tool of Richard Bassett, don't be a tool and a dupe by halves. *He* is in love with her too. Marry her to the blackguard, and then you will be *sure* to kill Sir Charles."

Having delivered this with such volubility that the words pattered out like a roll of musketry, she flounced out, with red cheeks and wet eyes, rushed down the stairs, and sprang into her carriage, whipped the ponies, and away at a pace that made the spectators stare.

Mr. Oldfield muttered some excuses, and retired more sedately.

All this set Bella Bruce trembling and weeping, and her father was some time before he could bring her to any thing like composure. Her first words, when she could find breath, were, "He is innocent; he is unhappy. Oh, that I could fly to him!"

"Innocent! What proof?"

"That brave lady said so."

"Brave lady! A bold hussy. Most likely a friend of the woman Somerset, and a bird of the same feather. Sir Charles has done himself no good with me by sending such an emissary."

"No, papa; it was the lawyer brought her, and then her own good heart *made her burst out*. Ah! she is not like me: she has courage. What a noble thing courage is, especially in a woman!"

"Pray did you hear the language of this noble lady?"

"Every word nearly; and I shall never forget them. They were diamonds and pearls."

"Of the sort you can pick up at Billingsgate."

"Ah, papa, she pleaded for *him* as I can not plead, and yet I love him. It was true eloquence. Oh! how she made me shudder. Only think he had a fit, and lost his reason, and all for me. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

This brought on a fit of weeping.

Her father pitied her, and gave her a crumb of sympathy: said he was sorry for Sir Charles.

"But," said he, recovering his resolution, "it can not be helped. He must expiate his vices, like other men. Do pray pluck up a little spirit and sense. Now try and keep to the point. This woman came from him; and you say you heard her language and admire it. Quote me some of it."

"She said he fell down as black as his hat, and his eyes rolled, and his poor teeth gnashed, and—oh, my darling! my darling! oh! oh! oh!"

"There—there—I mean about other things."

Bella complied, but with a running accompaniment of the sweetest little sobs.

"She said I must be very green, to swallow an anonymous letter like spring water. Oh! oh!"

"Green? There was a word!"

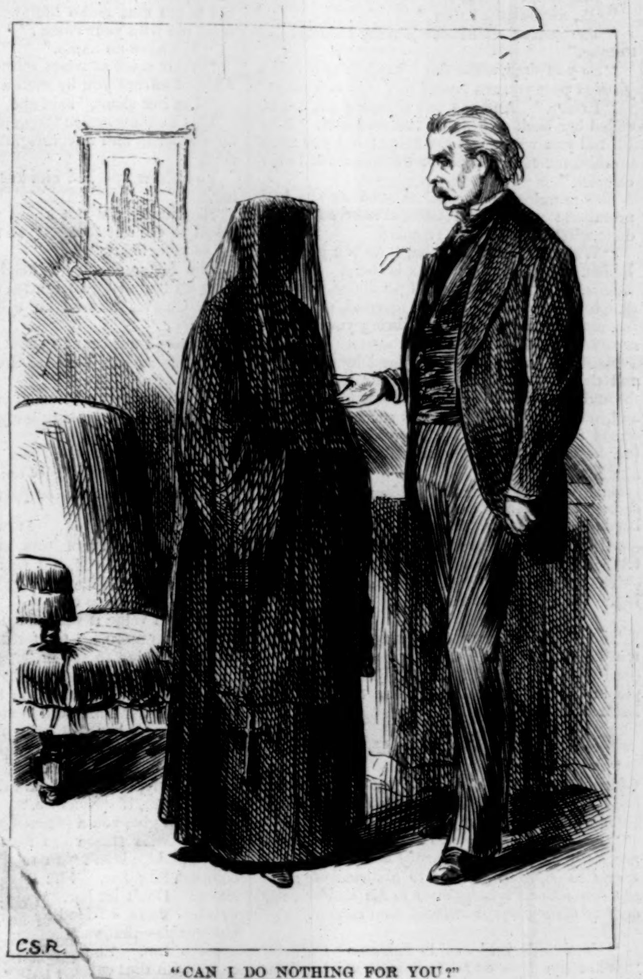
"Oh! oh! But it is the right word. You can't mend it. Try, and you will see you can't. Of course I was green. Oh! And she said every gentleman who can afford to keep a saddle-horse has a female friend, till his banns are called in church. Oh! oh!"

"A pretty statement to come to your ears!"

"But if it is the truth! 'The truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed.' Ah! I'll not forget that: I'll pray every night I may remember those words of the brave lady. Oh!"

"Yes, take her for your oracle."

"I mean to. I always try to profit by my superiors. She has courage: I have none. I beat about the bush, and talk skim-milk: she uses the very word. She said we have been the dupe and the tool of a little scheming rascal, an anonymous coward, with motives as base as his heart is black—oh! oh! Ay, that is the way to speak of such a man: I can't do it myself, but I reverence the brave lady who can. And she wasn't afraid even of you, dear papa. 'Come, old gentleman'—ha! ha! ha!—'take the world as it is; Belgravian mothers would not break *both* their hearts for what is past and gone.' What hard good sense! a thing I always *did* admire: because I've got none. But her *heart* is not hard; after all her words of fire, that went so straight instead of beating the bush, she ended by crying for me. Oh! oh! oh! Bless her! Bless her! If ever there was a good woman in the world, that is one. She was not born a lady, I am afraid; but that is nothing: she was born a woman, and I mean to make her acquaintance, and take her for my example in all things. No, dear papa, women are not so pitiful to women without cause. She is almost a stranger, yet she cried for me. Can you be harder to me than she is? No; pity your poor girl, who will lose her health, and perhaps her life. Pity poor Charles, stung by an anonymous viper, and laid on a bed of sickness for me. Oh! oh! oh!"



"CAN I DO NOTHING FOR YOU?"

"I do pity you, Bella. When you cry like this, my heart bleeds."

"I'll try not to cry, papa. Oh! oh!"

"But, most of all, I pity your infatuation, your blindness. Poor, innocent dove, that looks at others by the light of her own goodness, and so sees all manner of virtues in a brazen hussy. Now answer me one plain question. You called her 'the Sister!' Is she not the same woman that played the Sister of Charity?"

Bella blushed to the temples, and said, hesitatingly, she was not quite sure.

"Come, Bella. I thought you were going to imitate the jade, and not beat about the bush. Yes or no?"

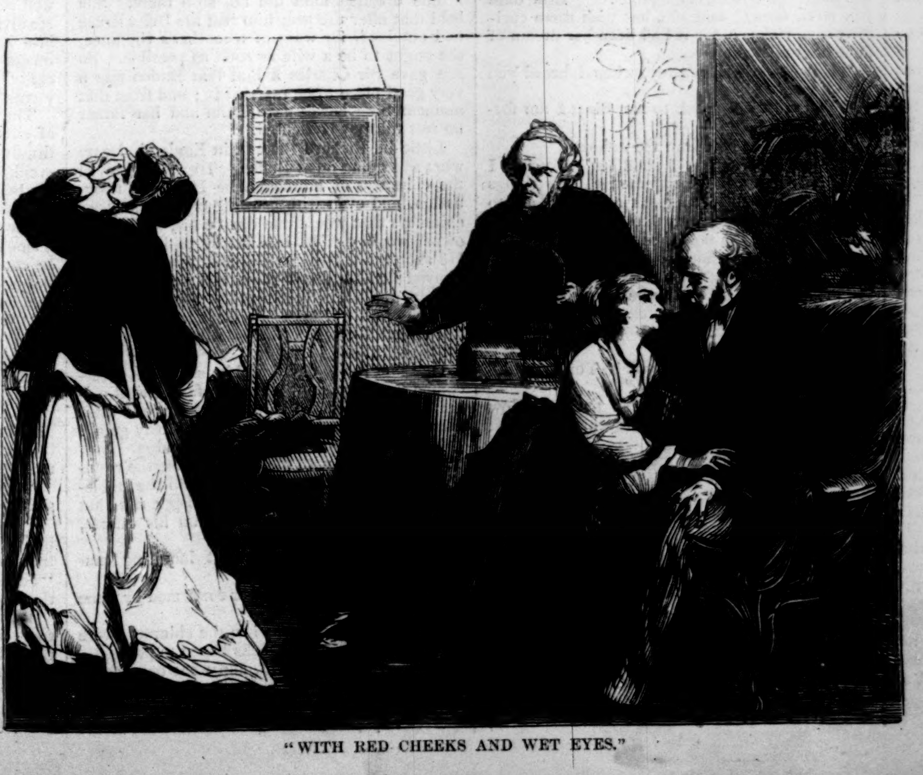
"The features are very like."

"Bella, you know it is the same woman. You recognized her in a moment. That speaks volumes. But she shall find I am not to be made 'a dupe and a tool of' quite so easily as she thinks. I'll tell you what—this is some professional actress Sir Charles has hired to waylay you. Little simpleton!"

He said no more at that time; but after dinner he ruminated, and took a very serious, indeed almost a maritime, view of the crisis. "I'm overmatched now," thought he. "They will cut my sloop out under the very guns of the flag-ship if we stay much longer in this port—a lawyer against me and a woman too; there's nothing to be done but heave anchor, hoist sail, and run for it."

He sent off a foreign telegram, and then went up stairs. "Bella, my dear," said he, "pack up your clothes for a journey. We start to-morrow."

"A journey, papa! A long one?"



"WITH RED CHEEKS AND WET EYES."

"No. We sha'n't double the Horn this time."

"Brighton? Paris?"

"Oh, farther than that."

"The grave: that is the journey I should like to take."

"So you shall, some day; but just now it is a *foreign* port you are bound for. Go and pack."

"I obey." And she was creeping off, but he called her back and kissed her, and said, "Now I'll tell you where you are going; but you must promise me solemnly not to write one line to Sir Charles."

She promised, but cried as soon as she had promised; whereat the Admiral inferred he had done wisely to exact the promise.

"Well, my dear," said he, "we are going to Baden. Your aunt Molineux is there. She is a woman of great delicacy and prudence, and has daughters of her own all well married, thanks to her motherly care. She will bring you to your senses better than I can."

Next evening they left England by the mail; and the day after Richard Bassett learned this through his servant, and went home triumphant, and, indeed, wondering at his success. He ascribed it, however, to the Nemesis which dogs the heels of those who inherit the estate of another.

Such was the only moral reflection he made, though the business in general, and particularly his share in it, admitted of several.

Miss Somerset also heard of it, and told Mr. Oldfield; he told Sir Charles Bassett.

That gentleman sighed deeply, and said nothing. He had lost all hope.

The whole matter appeared stagnant for about ten days; and then a delicate hand stirred the dead waters cautiously. Mr. Oldfield, of all people in the world, received a short letter from Bella Bruce.

"*Konigsberg Hotel, Baden.*

"*Miss Bruce presents her compliments to Mr. Oldfield, and will feel much obliged if he will send her the name and address of that brave lady who accompanied him to her father's house.*

"*Miss Bruce desires to thank that lady, personally, for her noble defense of one with whom it would be improper for her to communicate; but she can never be indifferent to his welfare, nor hear of his sufferings without deep sorrow.*"

"Confound it!" said Solomon Oldfield. "What am I to do? I mustn't tell her it is Miss Somerset." So the wary lawyer had a copy of the letter made, and sent to Miss Somerset for instructions.

Miss Somerset sent for Mr. Marsh, who was now more at her beck and call than ever, and told him she had a ticklish letter to write. "I can talk with the best," said she, "but the moment I sit down and take up a pen something cold runs up my shoulder, and then down my backbone, and I'm palsied; now you are always writing, and can't say 'Bo' to a goose in company. Let us mix ourselves; I'll walk about and speak my mind, and then you put down the cream, and send it."

From this ingenious process resulted the following composition:

"*She whom Miss Bruce is good enough to call 'the brave lady' happened to know the truth, and that tempted her to try and baffle an anonymous slanderer, who was ruining the happiness of a lady and gentleman. Being a person of warm impulses, she went great lengths; but she now wishes to retire into the shade. She is flattered by Miss Bruce's desire to know her, and some day, perhaps, may remind her of it; but at present she must deny herself that honor. If her reasons were known, Miss Bruce would not be offended nor hurt; she would entirely approve them.*"

Soon after this, as Sir Charles Bassett sat by the fire, disconsolate, his servant told him a lady wanted to see him.

"Who is it?"

"Don't know, Sir Charles; but it is a kind of a sort of a nun, Sir Charles."

"Oh, a Sister of Charity! Perhaps the one that nursed me. Admit her, by all means."

The Sister came in. She had a large veil on. Sir Charles received her with profound respect, and thanked her, with some little hesitation, for her kind attention to him. She stopped him by saying that was merely her duty. "But," said she, softly, "words fell from you, on the bed of sickness, that touched my heart; and, besides, I happen to know the lady."

"You know my Bella!" cried Sir Charles. "Ah, then no wonder you speak so kindly; you can feel what I have lost. She has left England to avoid me."

"All the better. Where she is, the door can not be closed in your face. She is at Baden. Follow her there. She has heard the truth from Mr. Oldfield, and she knows who wrote the anonymous letter."

"And who did?"

"Mr. Richard Bassett."

This amazed Sir Charles.

"The scoundrel!" said he, after a long silence.

"Well, then, why let that fellow defeat you, for his own ends? I would go at once to Baden. Your leaving England would be one more proof to her that she has no rival. Stick to her like a man, Sir, and you will win her, I tell you."

These words from a nun amazed and fired him. He rose from his chair, flushed with sudden hope and ardor. "I'll leave for Baden to-morrow morning."

The Sister rose to retire.

"No, no," cried Sir Charles. "I have not thanked you. I ought to go down on my knees and bless you for all this. To whom am I so indebted?"

"No matter, Sir."

"But it does matter. You nursed me, and perhaps saved my life, and now you give me back the hopes that make life sweet. You will not trust me with your name?"

"We have no name."

"Your voice at times sounds very like—no, I will not affront you by such a comparison."

"I'm her sister," said she, like lightning.

This announcement staggered Sir Charles, and he was silent and uncomfortable. It gave him a chill.

The Sister watched him keenly, but said nothing.

Sir Charles did not know what to say, so he asked to see her face. "It must be as beautiful as your heart."

The Sister shook her head. "My face has been disfigured by a frightful disorder."

Sir Charles uttered an ejaculation of regret and pity.

"I could not bear to show it to one who esteems me as you seem to do. But perhaps it will not always be so."

"I hope not. You are young, and Heaven is good. Can I do nothing for you, who have done so much for me?"

"Nothing—unless—" said she, feigning vast timidity, "you could spare me that ring of yours, as a remembrance of the part I have played in this affair."

Sir Charles colored. It was a ruby of the purest water, and had been two centuries in his family. He colored, but was too fine a gentleman to hesitate. He said, "By all means. But it is a poor thing to offer *you*."

"I shall value it very much."

"Say no more. I am fortunate in having any thing you deign to accept."

And so the ring changed hands.

The Sister now put it on her middle finger, and held up her hand, and her bright eyes glanced at it, through her veil, with that delight which her sex in general feel at the possession of a new bauble. She recovered herself, however, and told him, soberly, the ring should return to his family at her death, if not before.

"I will give you a piece of advice for it," said she. "Miss Bruce has foxy hair; and she is very timid. Don't you take her advice about commanding her. She would like to be your slave! Don't let her. Coax her to speak her mind. Make a friend of her. Don't you put her to this—that she must displease you, or else deceive you. She might choose wrong, especially with that colored hair."

"It is not in her nature to deceive."

"It is not in her nature to displease. Excuse me; I am too fanciful, and look at women too close. But I know your happiness depends on her. All your eggs are in that one basket. Well, I have told you how to carry the basket. Good-by."

Sir Charles saw her out, and bowed respectfully to her in the hall, while his servant opened the street door. He did her this homage as his benefactress.

When Admiral and Miss Bruce reached Baden Mrs. Molineux was away on a visit; and this disappointed Admiral Bruce, who had counted on her assistance to manage and comfort Bella. Bella needed the latter very much. A glance at her pale, pensive, lovely face was enough to show that sorrow was rooted at her heart. She was subjected to no restraint, but kept the house of her own accord, thinking, as persons of her age are apt to do, that her whole history must be written in her face. Still, of course, she did go out sometimes; and one cold but bright afternoon she was strolling languidly on the parade, when all in a moment she met Sir Charles Bassett face to face.

She gave an eloquent scream, and turned pale a moment, and then the hot blood came rushing, and then it retired, and she stood at bay, with heaving bosom and great eyes.

Sir Charles held out both hands pathetically. "Don't you be afraid of me."

When she found he was so afraid of offending her she became more courageous. "How dare you come here?" said she, but with more curiosity than violence, for it had been her dream of hope he would come.

"How could I keep away, when I heard you were here?"

"You must not speak to me, Sir; I am forbidden."

"Pray do not condemn me unheard."

"If I listen to you I shall believe you. I won't hear a word. Gentlemen can do things that ladies can not even speak about. Talk to my aunt Molineux; our fate depends on her. This will teach you not to be so wicked. What business have gentlemen to be so wicked? Ladies are not. No, it is no use; I will not hear a syllable. I am ashamed to be seen speaking to you. You are a bad character. Oh, Charles, is it true you had a fit?"

"Yes."

"And have you been very ill? You look ill."

"I am better now, dearest."

"'Dearest!' Don't call me names. How dare you keep speaking to me when I request you not?"

"But I can't excuse myself, and obtain my pardon, and recover your love, unless I am allowed to speak."

"Oh, you can speak to my aunt Molineux, and she will read you a fine lesson."

"Where is she?"

"Nobody knows. But there is her house, the one with the iron gate. Get her ear first, if you really love me; and don't you ever waylay me again. If you do, I shall say something rude to you, Sir. Oh, I'm so happy!"

Having let this out, she hid her face with her hands, and fled like the very wind.

At dinner-time she was in high spirits.

The Admiral congratulated her. "Brava, Bell! Youth and health and a foreign air will soon cure you of that folly."

Bella blushed deeply, and said nothing. The truth struggled within her, too, but she shrank from giving pain, and receiving expostulation.

She kept the house, though, for two days, partly out of modesty, partly out of an honest and pious desire to obey her father as much as she could.

The third day Mrs. Molineux arrived, and sent over to the Admiral.

He invited Bella to come with him. She consented eagerly, but was so long in dressing that he threatened to go without her. She implored him not to do that; and after a monstrous delay, the motive of which the reader may perhaps divine, father and daughter called on Mrs. Molineux. She received them very affectionately. But when the Admiral, with some hesitation, began to enter on the great subject, she said, quietly, "Bella, my dear, go for a walk, and come back to me in half an hour."

"Aunt Molineux!" said Bella, extending both her hands imploringly to that lady.

Mrs. Molineux was proof against this blandishment, and Bella had to go.

When she was gone, this lady, who both as wife and mother was literally a model, rather astonished her brother the Admiral. She said: "I am sorry to tell you that you have conducted this matter with perfect impropriety, both you and Bella. She had no business to show you that anonymous letter; and when she did show it you, you should have taken it from her, and told her not to believe a word of it."

"And married my daughter to a libertine! Why, Charlotte, I am ashamed of you."

Mrs. Molineux colored high; but she kept her temper, and ignored the interruption. "Then, if you decided to go into so indelicate a question at all (and really you were not bound to do so on anonymous information), why, then, you should have sent for Sir Charles, and given him the letter, and put him on his honor to tell you the truth. He would have told you the fact, instead of a garbled version; and the fact is that before he knew Bella he had a connection, which he prepared to dissolve, on terms very honorable to himself, as soon as he engaged himself to your daughter. What is there in that? Why, it is common, universal, among men of fashion. I am so vexed it ever came to Bella's knowledge: really it is dreadful to me, as a mother, that such a thing should have been discussed before that child. Complete innocence means complete ignorance; and that is how all my girls went to their husbands. However, what we must do now is to tell her Sir Charles has satisfied me he was not to blame; and after that the subject must never be recurred to. Sir Charles has promised me never to mention it, and no more shall Bella. And now, my dear John, let me congratulate you. Your daughter has a high-minded lover, who adores her, with a fine estate: he has been crying to me, poor fellow, as men will to a woman of my age; and if you have any respect for my judgment—ask him to dinner."

She added that it might be as well if, after dinner, he were to take a little nap.

Admiral Bruce did not fall into these views without discussion. I spare the reader the dialogue, since he yielded at last; only he stipulated that his sister should do the dinner, and the subsequent siesta.

Bella returned, looking very wistful and anxious.

"Come here, niece," said Mrs. Molineux. "Kneel you at my knee. Now look me in the face. Sir Charles has loved you, and you only, from the day he first saw you. He loves you now as much as ever. Do you love him?"

"Oh, aunt! aunt!" A shower of kisses, and a tear or two.

"That is enough. Then dry your eyes, and dress your beautiful hair a little better than *that*; for he dines with me to-day."

Who so bright and happy now as Bella Bruce?

The dreaded aunt did not stop there. She held that after the peep into real life Bella Bruce had obtained, for want of a mother's vigilance, she ought to be a wife as soon as possible. So she gave Sir Charles a hint that Baden was a very good place to be married in; and from that moment Sir Charles gave Bella and her father no rest till they consented.

Little did Richard Bassett, in England, dream what was going on at Baden. He now surveyed the chimneys of Huntercombe Hall with resignation, and even with growing complacency, as chimneys that would one day be his, since their owner would not be in a hurry to love again. He shot Sir Charles's pheasants whenever they strayed into his hedge-rows, and he lived moderately, and studied health. In a word, content with the result of his anonymous letter, he confined himself now to cannily outliving the wrongful heir—his cousin.

One fine frosty day the chimneys of Huntercombe began to show signs of life; vertical columns of blue smoke rose in the air, one after another, till at last there were about forty going.

Old servants flowed down from London. New ones trickled in, with their boxes, from the country. Carriages were drawn out into the stable-yard, horses exercised, and a whisper ran that Sir Charles was coming to live on his estates, and not alone.

Richard Bassett went about inquiring cautiously.

The rumor spread, and was confirmed by some little facts.

At last, one fine day, when the chimneys were all smoking, the church-bells began to peal.

Richard Bassett heard, and went out, scowling deeply. He found the village all agog with expectation.

Presently there was a loud cheer from the steeple, and a flag floated from the top of Huntercombe House. Murmurs. Distant cheers. Approaching cheers. The clatter of horses' feet. The roll of wheels. Huntercombe gates flung wide open by a cluster of grooms and keepers.

Then on came two outriders, ushered by loud hurrahs, and followed by a carriage and four that dashed through the village amidst peals of delight from the villagers. The carriage was open, and in it sat Sir Charles and Bella Bassett. She was lovelier than ever; she dazzled the very air with her beauty and her glorious hair. The hurrahs of the villagers made her heart beat; she pressed Sir Charles's hand tenderly, and literally shone with joy and pride; and so she swept past Richard Bassett; she saw him directly, shuddered a moment, and half clung to her husband; then on again, and passed through the open gates amidst loud cheers. She alighted in her own hall, and walked, nodding and smiling sunnily, through two files of domestics and retainers; and thought no more of Richard Bassett than some bright bird that has flown over a rattlesnake and glanced down at him.

But a gorgeous bird can not always be flying. A snake can sometimes creep under her perch, and glare, and keep hissing, till she shudders and droops and lays her plumage in the dust.

A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF FOLLY.

"That owned the virtuous ring and glass."
Il Penseroso.

I.

"Aurelia!"

"Otto!"

"Must we then part?"

They were folded in each other's arms. There never was such kissing.

"How shall we henceforth exchange the sweet tokens of our undying affection, my Otto?"

"Alas, my Aurelia, I know not! Thy Otto blushes to acquaint thee that he can not write."

"Blush not, my Otto; thou needest not reproach thyself. Even couldst thou write, thy Aurelia could not read. Oh, these dark ages!"

They remained some minutes gazing on each other with an expression of fond perplexity. Suddenly the damsel's features assumed the aspect of one who experiences the visitation of a happy thought. Gently yet decidedly she pronounced:

"We will exchange rings."

They drew off their rings simultaneously.

"This, Aurelia, was my grandfather's."

"This, Otto, was my grandmother's, which she charged me with her dying breath never to part with save to him whom alone I loved."

"Mine is a brilliant, more radiant than aught save the eyes of my Aurelia."

And, in fact, Aurelia's eyes hardly sustained the comparison. A finer stone could not easily be found.

"Mine is a sapphire, azure as the everlasting heavens, and type of a constancy enduring as they."

In truth, it was of a tint seldom to be met with in sapphires.

The exchange made, the lady seemed less anxious to detain her lover.

"Beware, Otto," she cried, as he slid down the cord, which yielded him an oscillatory transit from her casement to the moat, where he alighted knee-deep in mud—"beware! If my brother should be gazing from his chamber on the resplendent moon!"

But that ferocious young baron was accustomed to spend his time in a less romantic manner; and so it came to pass that Otto encountered him not.

II.

Days, weeks, months had passed by, and Otto, a wanderer in a foreign land, had heard no tidings of his Aurelia. Ye who have loved may well conceive how her ring was all in all to him. He divided his time pretty equally between gazing into its cerulean depths, as though her lovely image were mirrored therein, and pressing its chilly surface to his lips, little as it recalled the warmth and balminess of hers.

The burnished glow of gold, the chaste sheen of silver, the dance and sparkle of light in multitudinous gems, arrested his attention as he one evening perambulated the streets of a great city. He beheld a jeweler's shop. The gray-headed, spectacled lapidary sat at a bench within sedulously polishing a streaked pebble by the light of a small lamp. A sudden thought struck Otto; he entered the shop, and, presenting the ring to the jeweler, inquired, in a tone of suppressed exultation,

"What hold you for the worth of this inestimable ring?"

The jeweler, with no expression of surprise or curiosity, received the ring from Otto, held it to the light, glanced slightly at the stone, somewhat more carefully at the setting, laid the ring for a moment in a pair of light scales, and, handing it back to Otto, remarked, with a tone and manner of the most entire indifference,

"The worth of this inestimable ring is one shilling and sixpence."

"Caitiff of a huckster!" exclaimed Otto, bringing down his fist on the bench with such vigor that the pebbles leaped up and fell rattling down. "Sayest thou this of a gem framed by genii in the bowels of the earth?"

"Nay, friend," returned the jeweler, with the same imperturbable air; "that thy gem was framed of earth I in no wise question, seeing that it doth principally consist of sand. But when thou speakest of genii and the bowels of the earth, thou wilt not, I hope, take it amiss if I crave better proof than thy word that the devil has taken to glass-making. For glass, and nothing else, credit me, thy jewel is."

"And the gold?" gasped Otto.

"There is just as much gold in thy ring as sufficeth to handsomely gild a like superficies of brass, which is not saying much."

And applying a sponge dipped in some liquid to a small part of the hoop, the jeweler disclosed the dull hue of the baser metal so evidently that Otto could hardly doubt longer. He doubted no more when the lapidary laid his ring in the scales against another of the same size and make, and pointed to the inequality of the balance.

"Thou seest," he continued, "that in our craft a very little gold goes a very great way. It is far otherwise in the world, as thou, albeit in no sort eminent for sapience, hast doubtless ere this ascertained for thyself. Thou art evidently a prodigious fool!"

This latter disparaging observation could be safely ventured upon, as Otto had rushed from the shop, speechless with rage.

Was Aurelia deceiver or deceived? Should he execrate her, or her venerable grandmother, or some unknown person? The point was too knotty to be solved in the agitated state of his feelings. He decided it provisionally by execrating the entire human race, not forgetting himself.

In a mood like Otto's a trifling circumstance is sufficient to determine the quality of action. The ancient city of which he was at the time an inhabitant was traversed by a large river spanned by a quaint and many-arched bridge, to which his frantic and aimless wanderings had conducted him. Spires and gables and lengthy façades were reflected in the water, blended with the shadows of boats, and interspersed with the mirrored flames of innumerable windows on land, or of lanterns suspended from the masts or sterns of the vessels. The dancing ripples bickered and flickered, and seemed to say, "Come hither to us," while the dark reaches of still water in the shadow of the piers promised that whatever might be intrusted to them should be faithfully retained. Swayed by a sudden impulse Otto drew his ring from his finger. It gleamed an instant aloft in air; in another the relaxation of his grasp would have consigned it to the stream.

"Forbear!"

Otto turned and perceived a singular figure by his side. The stranger was tall and thin, and attired in a dusky cloak which only partially concealed a flame-colored jerkin. A cock's feather peaked up in his cap; his eyes were piercingly brilliant; his nose was aquiline; the expression of his features sinister and sardonic. Had Otto been more observant or less preoccupied he might have noticed that the stranger's left shoe was of a peculiar form, and that he limped some little with the corresponding foot.

"Forbear, I say; thou knowest not what thou doest."

"And what skills what I do with a piece of common glass?"

"Thou errest, friend; thy ring is not common glass. Had thy mistress surmised its mystic virtues she would have thought oftener than twice ere exchanging it for thy diamond."

"What may these virtues be?" eagerly demanded Otto.

"In the first place, it will show thee when thy mistress may chance to think of thee, as it will then prick thy finger."

"Now I know thee for a lying knave!" exclaimed the youth, indignantly. "Learn, to thy confusion, that it hath not pricked me once since I parted from Aurelia."

"Which proves that she has never once thought of thee."

"Villain!" shouted Otto, "say that again and I will transfix thee."

"Thou mayest if thou canst," rejoined the stranger, with an expression of such cutting scorn that Otto's spirit quailed, and he felt a secret but overpowering conviction of his interlocutor's veracity. Rallying, however, in some measure, he exclaimed:

"Aurelia is true. I will wager my soul upon it."

"Done!" screamed the stranger in a strident voice of triumph, while a burst of diabolical laughter seemed to proceed from every cranny of the eaves and piers of the old bridge, and to be taken up by goblin echoes from the summits of the adjacent towers and steeples.

Otto's blood ran chill, but he mustered sufficient courage to inquire hoarsely,

"What of its further virtues?"

"When it shall have pricked thee," returned the mysterious personage, "on turning it once completely round thy finger thou wilt see thy mistress wherever she may be. If thou turnest it the second time, thou wilt know what her thought of thee is; and if the third time, thou wilt find thyself in her presence. But I give thee fair warning that by doing this thou wilt place thyself in a more disastrous plight than any thou hast experienced hitherto. And now farewell."

The speaker disappeared. Otto stood alone upon the bridge. He saw nothing around him but the stream, with its shadows and lights, as he slowly and thoughtfully turned round to walk to his lodgings.

III.

Ye who have loved, et cetera, as aforesaid, will comprehend the anxiety with which Otto henceforth consulted his ring. He was continually adjusting it to his finger in a manner, as he fancied, to render the anticipated puncture more perceptible when it should come at last. He would have worn it on all his fingers in succession had the conformation of his robust hand admitted of its being placed on any but the slenderest. Thousands of times he could have sworn that he felt the admonitory sting; thousands of times he turned the trinket round and round with desperate impatience; but Aurelia's form remained as invisible, her thoughts as inscrutable, as before. His great dread was that he might be pricked in his sleep, on which account he would sit up watching far into the morn. For, as he reasoned, not without plausibility, when could he more rationally hope for a place in Aurelia's thoughts than at that witching and suggestive period? She might surely think of him when she had nothing else to do! Had she really nothing else to do? And Otto grew sick and livid with jealousy. It, of course, frequently occurred to him to doubt and deride the virtues of the ring, and he was several times upon the point of flinging it away. But the more he pondered upon the appearance and manner of the stranger, the less able he felt to resist the conviction of his truthfulness.

At last a most unmistakable puncture! the distinct though slight pang of a miniature wound. A crimson bead of blood rose on Otto's finger, swelled to its due proportion, and became a trickling blot.

"She is thinking of me!" cried he, rapturously, as if this were an instance of the most signal and unforeseen condescension. All the weary expectancy of the last six months was forgotten. He would have railed at himself had the bliss of the moment allowed him to remember that he had ever railed at her.

Otto turned his ring once, and Aurelia became visible in an instant. She was standing before the mercer's booth in the chief street of the little town which adjoined her father's castle. Her gaze was riveted on a silk mantle, trimmed with costly furs, which depended from a hook inside the doorway. Her lovely features wore an expression of extreme dissatisfaction. She was replacing a purse, apparently by no means weighty, in her embroidered girdle.

Otto turned the ring the second time, and Aurelia's silvery accents immediately became audible to the following effect:

"If that fool Otto were here, he would buy it for me."

She turned away, and walked down the street. Otto uttered a cry like the shriek of an uprooted mandrake. His hand was upon the ring to turn it for the third time; but the stranger's warning occurred to him, and for a moment he forbore. In that moment the entire vision vanished from before his eyes.

What boots it to describe Otto's feelings upon this revelation of Aurelia's sentiments? For lovers, description would be needless; to wiser people, incomprehensible. Suffice it to say that as his lady deemed him a fool, he appeared bent on proving that she did not deem amiss.

A long space of time elapsed without any further admonition from the ring. Perhaps Aurelia had no further occasion for his purse; perhaps she had found another purse-bearer. The latter view of the case appeared the more plausible to Otto, and it hugely aggravated his torments.

At last the moment came. It was the hour of midnight. Again Otto felt the sharp puncture, again the ruby drop started from his finger, again he turned the ring, and again beheld Aurelia. She was in her chamber, but not alone. Her companion was a youth of Otto's age. She was in the act of placing Otto's brilliant upon his finger. Otto turned his own ring, and heard her utter, with singular distinctness:

"This ring was given me by the greatest fool I ever knew. Little did he imagine that it would one day be the means of procuring me liberty, and bliss in the arms of my Arnold. My venerable grandmother—"

The voice expired upon her lips, for Otto stood before her.

Arnold precipitated himself from the window, carrying the ring with him. Otto, glaring at his faithless mistress, stood in the middle of the apartment with his sword unsheathed. Was he about to use it? None can say; for at this moment the young baron burst into the room, and, without the slightest apology for the liberty he was taking, passed his sword through Otto's body.

Otto groaned, and fell upon his face. He was dead. The young baron ungently reversed the position of the corpse, and scanned its features with evident surprise and dissatisfaction.

"It is not Arnold after all!" he muttered. "Who would have thought it?"

"Thou seest, brother, how unjust were thy suspicions," observed Aurelia, with an air of injured but not implacable virtue. "As for this abominable ravisher—" Her feelings forbade her to proceed.

The brother looked mystified. There was something beyond his comprehension in the affair; yet he could not but acknowledge that Otto was the person who had rushed by him as he lay in wait upon the stairs. He finally determined that it was best to say nothing about the matter: a resolution the easier of performance as he was not wont to be lavish of his words at any time. He wiped his sword on his sister's curtains, and was about to withdraw, when Aurelia again spoke:

"Ere thou departest, brother, have the goodness to ring the bell, and desire the menials to remove this carrion from my apartment."

The young baron sulkily complied, and retreated, growling, to his chamber.

The attendants carried Otto's body forth. To the honor of her sex be it recorded that before this was done Aurelia vouchsafed one glance to the corpse of her old lover. Her eye fell on the brazen ring. "And he has actually worn it all this time!" thought she.

"Would have outraged my daughter, would he?" said the old baron, when the transaction was reported to him. "Let him be buried in a concatenation accordingly."

"What the guy dickens be a concatenation, Geoffrey?" interrogated Giles.

"Methinks it is Latin for a ditch," responded Geoffrey.

This interpretation commending itself to the general judgment of the retainers, Otto was interred in the shelving bank of the old moat, just under Aurelia's window. A rough stone was laid upon the grave. The magic ring, which no one thought worth appropriating, remained upon the corpse's finger. Thou mayest probably find it there, reader, if thou searchest long enough.

The first visitor to Otto's humble sepulchre was, after all, Aurelia herself, who alighted thereon the following night, after letting herself down from her casement to fly with Arnold. Their escape was successfully achieved upon a pair of excellent horses, the proceeds of Otto's diamond, which had become the property of a Jew.

On the third night an aged monk stood by Otto's grave, and wept plentifully. He carried a lantern, a mallet, and a chisel. "He was my pupil," sobbed the good old man. "It were meet to contribute what in me lies to the befitting perpetuation of his memory."

Setting down the lantern, he commenced work, and with pious toil engraved on the stone in the Latin of the period:

"HAC MAGNVS STULTUS JACET IN FOSSA SEPULTUS.
MULIER CUI CREDIDIT MORTUUM ILLUM REDDIDIT."

Here he paused, at the end of his strength and of his Latin.

"Beshrew my old arms and brains!" he sighed.

"Hem!" coughed a deep voice in his vicinity.

The monk looked up. The personage in the dusky cloak and flame-colored jerkin was standing over him.

"Good monk," said the fiend, "what dost thou here?"

"Good fiend," said the monk, "I am inscribing an epitaph to the memory of a departed friend. Thou mightest kindly aid me to complete it."

"Truly," rejoined the demon, "it would become me to do so, seeing that I have his soul here in my pocket. Thou wilt not expect me to employ the language of the Church. Nathless, I see not wherefore the vernacular may not serve as well."

And, taking the mallet and chisel, he completed the monk's inscription with the supplementary legend,

"SERVED HIM RIGHT."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is a singular fact that almost every day letters are deposited in the post-office, not merely without a stamp, or with only an illegible address, in which, perhaps, the name of town or State is omitted, but letters with no address whatsoever upon the envelope. It is somewhat puzzling to understand how these should ever be deposited in box or post-office without the omission being discovered. A little systematic care in directing letters would save the writers much trouble, and the Dead-letter Office much expense. We have heard a gentleman of extensive correspondence remark that he never knew of a letter which he had sent by mail to have been lost or miscarried. But then he was careful. He directed his envelope before he began to write his letter; most people leave this to be done at the end, when, very likely, the messenger is waiting to take it to the office. He wrote the name of person, town, and State in a plain, bold hand, using no abbreviations for towns or States. As the envelope lay before him while he wrote his letter, if, by chance, it was not correctly addressed, he was likely to notice it. Finally, it was his custom to deposit his letters himself in the nearest station. All persons can not easily follow his example in this last particular; but systematic care and plain handwriting would free the Post-office Department from much unjust censure.

When the Emperor William returned from France to Berlin, on entering the hall leading to his private apartments an enormous Newfoundland dog, a pet of his, recognizing his voice, rushed upon the Emperor, and in his impetuous joy actually threw him upon the floor. William took his defeat with great calmness, rose smilingly, and caressed the dog.

Artificial ice has the reputation of being far more durable than the natural article, the crystals being more solid, and exhibiting less tendency to split into flakes. The estimate has been made that thirty per cent. less of artificial than of natural ice will secure the same preservative effect. One objection to some forms of artificial ice is said to be the opacity of its color; but an inventor announces his discovery of a method by which perfectly transparent ice can be obtained, and for its publication to the world he asks the modest sum of £500 sterling.

The Detroit *Advertiser* gives to Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner, of that city, the honor of having cast "the first vote for a State officer deposited in an American ballot-box by a woman for the last half century." Election day was a rainy one, but that did not deter the lady, who went to the polls in her carriage, accompanied by her son and two lady friends. Her name had been previously registered, and the inspectors, having asked the usual questions, received and deposited her ballot. This being done, Mrs. Gardner presented the inspectors with a vase of flowers and a large picture, symbolizing woman's freedom. Probably this latter ceremony will be dispensed with by the majority of women who hereafter go to the polls as being unnecessary and inappropriate.

An incident both comic and interesting occurred on the arrival of Count Bismarck at Frankfort, after the Germans had vacated Paris. A wine-merchant of the city stepped up to the carriage door, and in pure Frankfort dialect addressed the man of iron in the following terms, the force of which is greatly lost in the process of translation:

MERCHANT. "Right glad we are, Excellency, that you have helped us to such an honorable peace. We have great respect for you, and you have stood well in our memory from the time that you were first among us. I wish that you could live fifty years longer, and would always take care of us."

BISMARCK. "I thank you for your friendly wish, but fifty years is something too long. I should be quite contented with fifteen."

MERCHANT. "And then I hope, Excellency, that we sha'n't have any more wars."

BISMARCK. "As long as we live we shall certainly have none."

MERCHANT. "Excellency, you have a mighty long ride to Berlin, and I know that when I have such a journey to make I always get hungry on the way, and so I brought something." (Draws from under his arm an object an ell in length, and carefully wrapped up in paper, which was found to be a long sausage.)

BISMARCK. "Ha! that's capital. Thanks. Is this a Frankfort sausage?" (Hands it over to his adjutant.)

MERCHANT. "No, not a Frankforter, but a good one. It is a Göttinger."

Unfortunately this interesting conversation was cut short by the approach of two old acquaintances of the Count. The locomotive whistled shrill. The train was again in motion. The merchant exclaimed, "Excellency, a happy journey to Berlin!" Bismarck waved his hand in reply to the many and enthusiastic cheers, and in a few moments was out of sight, leaving a very pleasant impression behind him.

An agricultural exchange mentions the use of strips of India rubber by English gardeners in the place of grafting-wax. Sheets are purchased in market for six cents per square foot. They are about as thick as brown paper. They are obtained of the manufacturers of this article before it is applied to muslin and other surfaces. The strips cut from it are about an inch wide for small grafting, the pieces stretching two or three times their first length. The ends adhere when pressed firmly with the thumb nail, the sheet having been previously washed and wiped dry.

Every good, hearty laugh has a tendency to lengthen the life of the person who indulges in it. This being the case, when medical science arrives at a greater degree of perfection, physicians will doubtless prescribe for certain torpid and melancholy diseases a hearty laugh taken "once in three hours," or, in mild cases, "after each meal." The only thing necessary to discover is the exciting cause; for when people don't want to laugh it is sometimes hard even to win a smile from them.

The Zoological Museum of Leyden is unequaled by any in Europe. It is located in a handsome building, and occupies five large floors, all the specimens being systematically and elegantly arranged. The visitor is amazed at the immense number of specimens, including almost every thing that has ever had life.

A large number of enterprising and substantial business men in Washington have organized a Union Club similar to that of the Union League Club of New York, and have taken a fine house in a central part of the city, to which a first-class restaurant is attached.

They do things on a large and generous scale out West. The wooden wedding of a saw-mill owner in Indiana was celebrated the other day, and his workmen presented him with 10,000 feet of lumber. One neighbor contributed thirteen huge poplar logs, and others remembered him in similar fashion.

We learn that Mrs. George Vandenhoff is soon to give her lecture on "The Rights and Wrongs of Children" in New York, under the patronage of a committee of ladies, in aid of a deserving charitable association. The lecture attracted much attention in Boston.

The London *Chemist and Druggist* asserts that babies are being poisoned in a wholesale manner by being fed through tubes composed of "India rubber dissolved in ten per cent. of bisulphide of carbon, and thickened with white lead, resin, and sometimes oxysulphuret of antimony, from which, when it comes into contact with the milk, sulphureted hydrogen is evolved, and lactate of lead formed in the stomach."

Dumas, *père*, and Monsieur V——, a celebrated Parisian wit, were sworn enemies. The Marquis de X——, an intimate friend of both, invited the rivals to dinner; but V—— refused to come unless Dumas would promise to speak only once during the dinner. The Marquis informed Dumas of this ridiculous proposal, but, to his surprise, the great novelist accepted it. During the meal V—— distinguished himself particularly by a rolling fire of wit. Every one remarked Dumas's silence. At dessert V—— helped himself several times to cakes, every time the plate was passed taking two or three. A lady seated next to him passed the cakes once more, when V—— excused himself, saying, "No, madame, I have eaten almost as many as Samson killed Philistines." "Yes," said Dumas, "and with the same weapon." That was enough. V—— left the table.

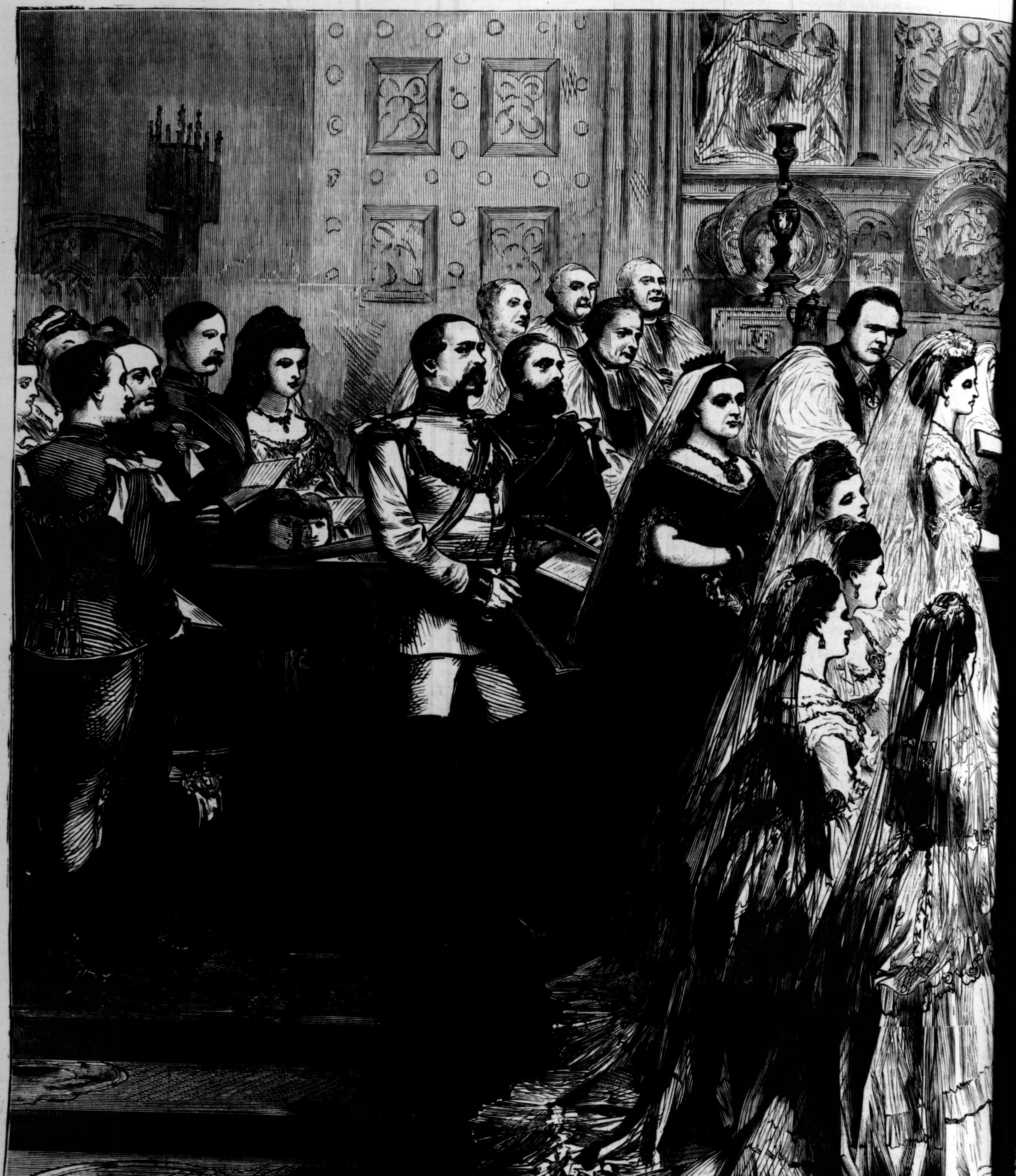
The Hoosac Tunnel was advanced 405½ feet during March. The water is so deep at present in the shaft and tunnel that a vast amount must be pumped out before work can be resumed.

The surgeons connected with the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital report that from October 15, 1869, to December 31, 1870, 1717 cases of diseases of the eye and ear have been treated by them. Of these cases 1221 were diseases of the eye. This institution is a charitable one, being supported by the gifts of the benevolent, and by such in-door patients as are able to pay something toward the expense of their maintenance. A site for a permanent building has been secured on the corner of Park Avenue and Forty-first Street.

A French physician, Dr. Poillon, says that a cold can be cured by inhaling hartshorn. The inhalation should be through the nose, and should be repeated several times in the space of five minutes, and continued till some relief is experienced. Probably this remedy refers to a "cold in the head."

Strawberries are coming—abundantly we hope, from the fact that the basket and box makers are already busy, and soon no less than 1500 gross will be ready for the Boston market alone. Winchendon makes more boxes than any other town in Massachusetts, while baskets are made extensively in Connecticut. About 20,000 baskets of a new style will be put into the market this season, especially designed to preserve the fruit by giving a free circulation of air.

We often repent of having spoken, rarely of having been silent. While social conversation, moderate in quantity and clear and pure in quality, is one of the most delightful pleasures of life, when immoderate it becomes mischievous and detestable. It was once remarked of a lady that when once she opened her conversational sluice-gates every body else was inundated—it would be as easy to stop the rising tide as her flow of words. The great mischief is that if we allow ourselves to talk immoderately, we say a thousand things which are foolish, unkind, slanderous, and even malicious. Love of talking makes us forget our better nature. Moreover, a "long-winded" talker is a great bore. Who does not remember the effort it has sometimes been to appear to give civil attention to a pitiless talker?



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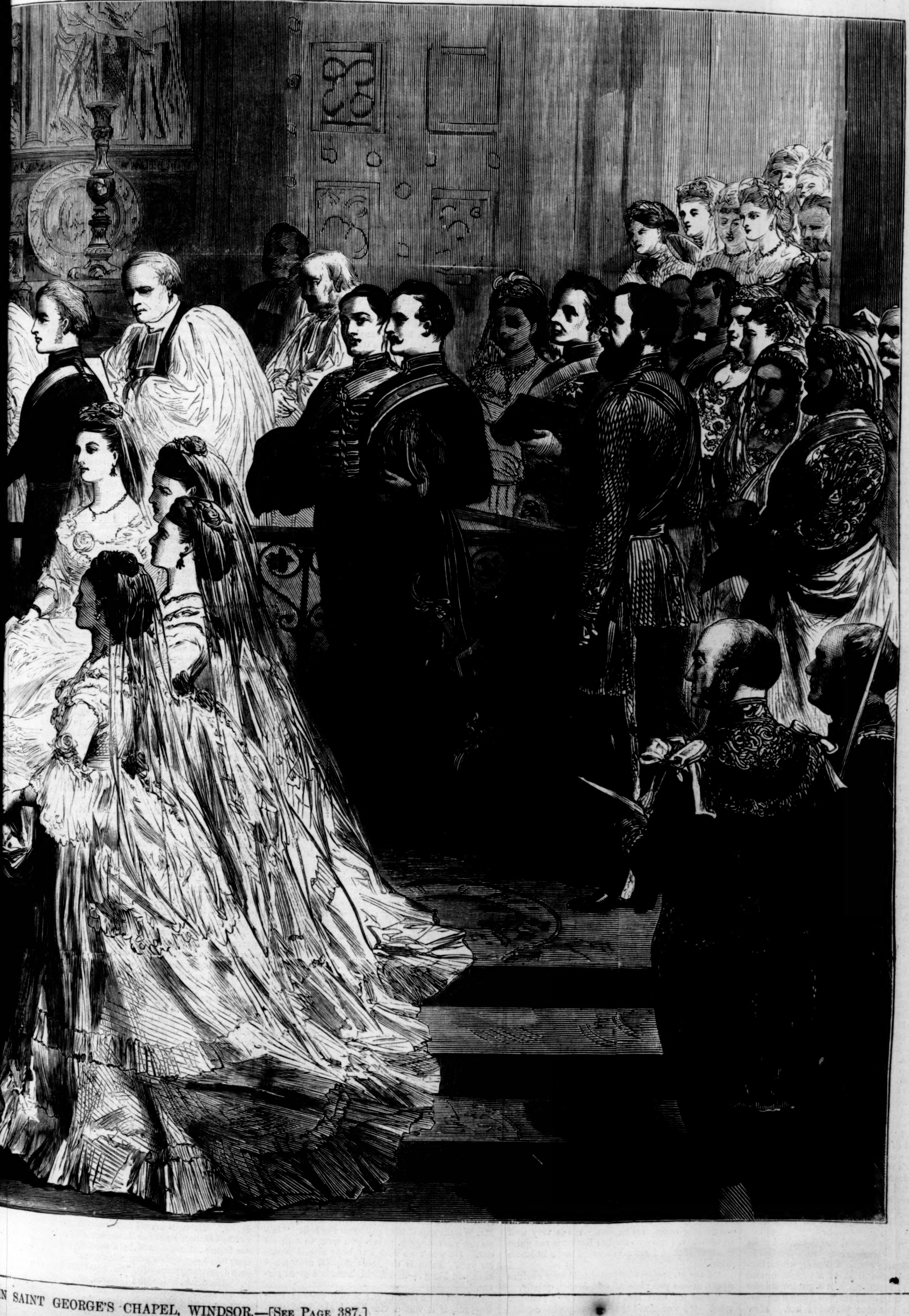


O IN SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.—[See Page 387.]

GERMANIA.

On page 389 our artist has given, in a series of sketches, a view of the great German gathering of April 10, in celebration of the successful issue of the war with France. The various features in the long procession, which winds around the border of the illustration, scarcely need to be explained. The jolly-looking fellow in the centre of the lower border will be recognized by every one who has ever heard of King Gambrinus. Not far from him the representatives of Kaiser William and Prince Bismarck affably greet their admirers from an open carriage; and on the other side we see the representatives of the famous Uhlans, and other branches of the great army that fought its way from the Rhine to Paris without sustaining a single defeat, and scarcely a check.

The view in the centre was sketched in Tompkins Square, where a grand mass-meeting closed the parade and pageantry of the day.

In the middle of the square an immense platform had been built in the form of a fort with octagonals. In the centre of a raised dais was an immense staff, from which floated the German flag, surmounted by an eagle. Fifty smaller staffs rose from the sides, supporting flags, Chinese lanterns, and society emblems. The poles were wreathed with evergreen, and festoons of the same material hung from the centre to the smaller staffs. Four staircases led to the platform, which was capable of holding several thousand persons. The sides were draped with Prussian flags, and the whole structure presented a brilliant appearance. Here, about half past four, the exercises were opened with the impressive anthem, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." This was followed, after a time, with "Die Wacht am Rhein;" and just before the great gathering dispersed all joined in the grand melody of "Nun danket alle Gott."

One pleasant feature of the celebration was the artistic character of the decorations. From the lowest point on the east side of the city flags and bunting were displayed, and many business houses that had closed in honor of the day had taken pains to have their colors arranged the evening before. Division Street was completely festooned with transparencies and Chinese lanterns suspended across the way in the wildest profusion. Myriads of small American and German flags hung from the windows, and were frequently relieved by others of greater dimensions. At the corner of East Broadway and Catharine Street one house was decorated by the Prussian tricolor from the roof to the cellar, so that but little of the stone was to be seen. All the German beer saloons and gardens had decorations of some kind.

In connection with our sketches of this grand celebration we present our readers with the portraits of the three most conspicuous men of the war—the Emperor of Germany, Count Von Moltke, and Prince Bismarck.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(*Continued.*)

Mabel upon the colonel's arm, Mrs. Chatterton upon Mr. Winthrop's, visited the different firing-points, applauded the bulls'-eyes made (but not devoured) by the Public School boys, and sympathized with the running deer. As they lounged through the long white streets, each placarded with its facetious title, such as Love Lane or Lazy Alley, they came upon an open space around which the tents were grouped with some eye to effect. In the centre was a garden-plot, and before each furled back-door there were enough of flowers, at all events, to furnish forth a bouquet for a lady visitor. As they stood in front of this military paradise, a handsome young fellow, who was employed in cleaning his rifle, caught sight of them, dropped it hastily, ran to his metal basin, still keeping his eyes toward them, and, having washed his hands, came forward with an eager air.

"Miss Denham, surely?" said he. Mabel had turned deadly pale, and for the moment was speechless.

"I am not Miss Denham," said she, with a faint smile, "though you once knew me as such."

She dropped the colonel's arm, and held out a hand that felt cold even through its glove. "Miles, here is Mr. Thornton, whom you remember so well at Shingleton."

"Miles?" murmured Thornton, involuntarily; but the next moment the whole state of the case was clear to him.

Mr. Winthrop was charmed to meet with his young friend, or seemed to be so; and the invitation that the latter offered to the little party was promptly accepted. He asked them into the dinner-tent, and ordered claret cup, which Mrs. Chatterton pronounced "perfectly exquisite," and the colonel "deuced good." The former, who was as full of talk as Mrs. Marshall herself, and much more exacting as respected answers, kept their host's tongue fully employed with explanation and description of camp life; while the latter commented in an under-tone to Mr. Winthrop upon the effeminate prettinesses of the toy-soldiers. "Flower-pots in a parade-ground, Sir! Why, damn me, if I wouldn't rather see a cess-pool!"

Mabel, happily for herself, was not called upon to join in either conversation. She felt spell-bound, or rather like one in a dream, who imagines himself upon the brink of a precipice, and scarcely dares to breathe. Not a glance did she bestow on Richard; but that was quite unnecessary, since his presence pervaded her. How much older, and yet grander, he looked, with that great brown beard! With what earnest joy had he run to meet her, and what a change had come over his face when she said, "I am not Miss Denham now." She had flattered herself that gayety and dissipation had so hardened her heart that whenever this meeting should have taken place she might have played her part quite calmly. Fate had been very cruel to bring it about so soon. Somebody was speaking to her, she knew not whom; she only hoped it was not he.

"My dear Mrs. Winthrop, I am quite monopolizing Mr. Thornton; but he has so much to say that is interesting, and he offers to take us round the camp. Won't that be delightful?"

"Yes, another day," answered Mabel. "But we dine out this evening, do we not, Miles?"

"Yes, my dear"—at that "my dear" she fancied, though she was not looking at it, that she saw the brown beard quiver—"we must be going very soon. But as Mr. Thornton is good enough to wish us to repeat our visit, we will certainly do so."

How very civil her husband was! How dreadful it would be if he should ask Richard to come and see them in town! She need not have disturbed herself with this apprehension. Mr. Winthrop had no more intention of revisiting Wimbledon—far less of inviting their host to London—than of starting for Timbuctoo. He did not dislike Richard, as his son Horn did, but the young man was no favorite of his. He was one of those men whose nature resents being laid under an obligation, however slight, and Richard had once saved his life.

"It must be charming to be in such pleasant quarters," said Mr. Winthrop, smiling affably. "How snug your tents look! The whole affair must be like a fortnight's picnic."

"Especially when ladies are so good as to visit us," said Richard, gallantly. His glance rested on Mrs. Chatterton only.

"Deuced little discipline, I'm afraid, young gentleman," said the colonel. "However, your claret's excellent; and I'm sorry we must be off."

"Be quiet, colonel," exclaimed his wife, reprovingly. "Every body is not to be shot by court-martial to please you. There is no such hurry that we need go without seeing the prizes in the Exhibition tent, which this obliging gentleman has promised to show us.—Come, Mr. Winthrop, I am not going to discard *you.*"

As the colonel had already toddled out of the tent in a huff at the proposed delay, there was no choice for Mabel but to accept Richard's arm.

He spoke of the weather, of the shooting, of the life in camp, in cheery tones, while Mabel answered him in monosyllables. She felt grateful to him for inventing these sentences, which had not a ray of interest for her. When he did but inquire after her sister, she felt a shiver, because it was an allusion to the past; she knew by his manner that he had heard of her father's death, and also that he was endeavoring to conceal from her that he had been ignorant, till within the last half hour, of her marriage. With a delicacy beyond all art, he treated that as a matter of course. A dropping of his voice, a pressure of his hand, would have wrung her heart. But he was loyal and honest, and she loved him for it; not as some would have done, but as a grateful woman worships the man who spares her. At parting—though both felt that they should never meet again—his air and words were cordial, but far from tender, and yet she understood that he had something to forgive, and had forgiven her. To Mrs. Chatterton he was much more gallant, and so delighted her that she confided to Mabel that, if Mr. Thornton was an ordinary specimen of the Volunteers, she, for her part (*pace* the colonel), preferred them to the regulars.

"A remarkably nice-looking fellow, that Mr. Thornton," said she, approvingly, to the gentlemen. "Don't you think so?"

Mr. Winthrop smiled and raised his eyebrows.

"We shouldn't care about his good looks," answered the colonel for himself and friend, "if the rascal were not so offensively young."

It was rather cool of this ancient gentleman thus to include Mr. Winthrop and himself in the same bracket, since he was old enough to be his father, and Mrs. Chatterton (who had fifteen hundred a year in her own right, and could "say things" even to the irascible colonel) rebuked him for his audacity. But the mischief had been done, and Mr. Winthrop remained silent and glum during the whole drive. He was unusually cynical at dinner that night, and when they came home he showed for the first time displeasure with Mabel. "I wish," said he, testily, "you had not been so importunate about going to that confounded camp. I believe it has given me neuralgia."

"I am very sorry," said Mabel, penitently. "But Mrs. Chatterton was so very anxious to visit it."

"Mrs. Chatterton is an old fool," replied Mr. Winthrop, sharply. "But it seemed to me that it was *you* who were so desirous to go."

"No, indeed, it was not," answered Mabel, in a tone perhaps somewhat more earnest than the occasion demanded.

"I say you *seemed* so," observed her husband, abruptly. There was a long pause, and then Mr. Winthrop resumed: "We are not going to Wimbledon again, mind. One is obliged to say civil things on such occasions; but I don't intend, because that Mr. Thornton—or whatever his name is—chanced to come with his boat, at the nick of time, to take us off a rock, to lie under an everlasting obligation to him. He is very well in his place, I have no doubt; but he is not quite the sort of man I am accustomed to be intimate with."

"I see no reason why you should ever see him again, unless you please," said Mabel, quietly.

"Just so," said Mr. Winthrop, in a mollified tone. "I was afraid that you might have asked him—I mean, told him where we were staying in town."

"I never said one word to him on the subject, Miles."

"I am glad to hear it, Mrs. Winthrop, because I think it would have been injudicious."

He had never before addressed his wife by a less familiar name than "Mabel."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TERMS OF PEACE.

It was Mr. Winthrop's habit to rise late, and, besides, he took his leisure at his toilet. Mabel was often in the sitting-room an hour or more by herself before her husband made his appearance, and thus it happened on the morning subsequent to their visit to Wimbledon.

She was sitting with a book in her hand, on which she in vain endeavored to fix her attention; her gaze strayed to the flame of the coffee-lamp—the eyes of the thoughtful turn to such objects when there are no embers on the hearth—and her heart was heavy within her. As the door opened she started and summoned up a smile to greet her husband; but it was not he. The waiter had come to say that a gentleman was below who wished to see her.

"To see *me?*" cried Mabel. "Are you sure?"

"The gentleman said either you or Mr. Winthrop, ma'am."

Could it possibly be Richard Thornton? He of all men would surely not have pained her by such an intrusion; and yet, since he was filling her thoughts—not wrongfully, but as the unwitting cause of her husband's displeasure—her heart misgave her that it was he.

"Say Mr. Winthrop has not yet risen, but that in half an hour at furthest—"

Here there was a hoarse laugh from without, and, rudely pushing aside the waiter, Horn Winthrop strode into the room. "How are you, step-mother?" said he, in mocking tones.

Mabel flushed up to the temples, and glanced involuntarily at the waiter, for an insult is doubly felt that is given in the presence of an inferior; but the man's attention was wholly concentrated upon the new-comer's companion—a huge bull-dog, which, with legs a-kimbo, and head aside, was contemplating the poor fellow with a critical expression that seemed to say, "Which calf shall I take?"

"Look to your dog," said Mabel, firmly, "lest he do the man a mischief."

"Fang, come here," cried Horn. The dog obeyed, and the waiter fled precipitately. "Why, the man is as much afraid of you, Fang, as the mistress is of me."

"I am not afraid of you, Mr. Horn Winthrop," observed Mabel, calmly. "Why should I be?"

"Ah, that's the point," replied the young man, with an insolent chuckle. "To be sure, I have not shown my teeth yet, have I?"

"Your manner is sufficiently rude and offensive, if that is what you call showing your teeth," said Mabel, raising her voice, and glancing mechanically toward the folding-doors which communicated with their other apartments.

"Oh, I see," said Horn, dropping his voice. "The governor is there, is he? Well, if he does hear me, it is more your affair than mine. Look here, madam; we might have been good friends at one time; but you chose to be my enemy."

"How so?" inquired Mabel, scornfully.

"By choosing *him,*" said Horn, nodding toward the closed doors.

Mabel was meditating within herself as to whether she should summon her husband, and boldly demand of him protection from his son's insolence, when the door opened, and Mr. Winthrop entered.

"How are you, Sir?" said Horn, without much change in his gruff manner.

"Ill, boy, ill," returned his father, testily. "I have not been well for some days, and I caught a fresh cold at Wimbledon yesterday." And here he threw a glance at his wife, which she well understood to imply that that misfortune was *her* fault.

It was, she felt, a most unseasonable time to appeal to him for succor; perhaps it would be better to fight her own battle with this foe, whom she despised at least as much as she disliked. When worsted, it would be time enough to call in an ally.

Horn was not likely to vex her with his presence often, according to his father's account, and, besides, they were about to go abroad.

"I wouldn't go to Wimbledon again, if I were you, Sir," said Horn; "I mean"—for Mr. Winthrop had looked up at him sharply—"if you find it disagrees with you. The common is very bleak."

"Well, you will have some breakfast, Horn? To what good fortune, may I ask, are we indebted for this unexpected visit?"

"I was up in town for twenty-four hours," returned the young man, carelessly, "to visit my tailor; he expects it when one doesn't pay him; and I thought it was only dutiful to come and see papa and—Mrs. Winthrop. I met Colonel Chatterton at the club last night, and he told me, among other things, that I should still find you here."

"Where on earth did this hideous dog come from?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, suddenly.

"I say, don't you jump up like that—not all in a hurry—or else he'll fly at you," said Horn. And indeed the animal growled menacingly as Mr. Winthrop laid his hand upon the bell. "It's no use your ringing, unless you want to turn *me* out. He won't go with any body else, I promise you. Fang is the most faithful creature—ain't you Fang?—and faithfulness is a great virtue."

"It couldn't look uglier than it does in your dog, Sir, if it was a vice," said Mr. Winthrop, resuming his seat, with a frowning brow. "The next time you pay a visit to a lady, I would recommend you to leave such a pet as that at home."

"Mrs. Winthrop, however, is not easily frightened," said Horn, coolly. "How courageously, I remember, she behaved on that occasion at Anemone Bay, when we were all brought off from the rock by— What the deuce was the name of that young fellow with the boat? Now what *was* his name?"

"Thornton," said Mr. Winthrop, sullenly, after a long silence.

"Ay, to be sure; Thornton. I could have sworn I saw him this morning in St. James's Street. But if I did, he has got a beard, and that alters a man so.—You are not eating any thing, Mrs. Winthrop. You used to have a better appetite at Shingleton, if I remember right."

"Yes, that is true. London does not agree with either of us," observed Mr. Winthrop; "and I begin to think that we have staid here too long. We shall probably go down to Wapshot for a few weeks, and then abroad; or perhaps abroad at once."

"I think abroad would be better," remarked Horn, dryly. "It's a more complete change, and takes you out of the way of all disagreeable acquaintances. But there—I forgot, Sir, you have none. It is only a poor devil like myself who fears in every face to see a dun; and when a friend slaps him on the shoulder, 'By Jove!' he thinks, 'I'm nabbed and booked for Queer Street.'"

"I hope you are in no danger of that sort, Horn," observed his father, with irritation. "You know what I told you down at Brackmere: matters can not now," and he glanced toward Mabel, "go on as they have done. I won't have it."

"I quite understand, Sir," said Horn, demurely. "We are very economical now, Fang, are we not? We did not even hire a Hansom this morning, but came on Shanks his mare. By-the-bye, speaking of mares, Colonel Chatterton bade me tell you that the very thing you were inquiring about—a second horse to carry a lady—is to be sold at Tattersall's to-day at noon precisely."

"I hope, Miles," said Mabel, nervously, "that you are not going to commit any extravagance upon my account. I am sure that that beautiful bay you were so kind as to give me—"

"Permit me, Mrs. Winthrop," interposed her husband, stiffly, "to be the best judge of what I can afford.—At noon, did you say, Horn?" He glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece. "Then I have very little time to lose." He turned on his heel and left the room without a word, and soon after his footsteps were heard going down the stairs on his way out.

In the mean time Horn went leisurely on with his breakfast, from time to time throwing to his dog great lumps of meat, which that animal caught resentfully, without so much as wagging his stump of a tail, and bolted with a spasm.

Mabel watched the beast, in order to avoid looking at its master, who, on his part, was perfectly unembarrassed and at his ease.

"The governor is easily riled," observed he, presently. "I know him better than you do, and can give you a wrinkle or two. Don't move!" cried he, with vehemence, for Mabel was about to rise and leave the room, "or I won't answer for the dog; he hates to be disturbed in his eating by people moving about."

"Am I to understand, Sir," inquired Mabel, with flashing eyes, "that if I refuse to remain here to listen to your insults, you will set your dog at me?"

"There, now, that is just what he dislikes," remonstrated Horn; and indeed the dog growled hideously. "Fang is all for peace and quietness, and so am I. I could not help cutting up a little rough just now, when I saw you as my mamma for the first time; but I am still willing to be your friend."

"My *friend!*" replied Mabel. There was contempt in her tone sufficient to have filled a folio.

"Well, if you object to the word, let us say 'confederate,' as *Bell* calls it. Don't fire up so, madam; *Bell* is a newspaper, and not a 'young person,' as you think. It is much better, when people are in the same boat, that they should pull together. Mr. Thornton could tell you that."

Mabel uttered not a word, but she could not prevent the blood from rushing to her face, though she would have given ten years of life to do so.

"I did not mean to make you blush, mamma," said Horn, apologetically; "I merely quoted the gentleman as an authority upon boating matters. I hope it may not be necessary to make any more painful allusion to him. I am here on business, madam, and, as you may well imagine, not for pleasure. The dog still rivets your attention, I perceive." Here he rose, and, with one blow of his foot, threw his panting myrmidon into a distant corner of the room. "Let us discuss matters with calmness. We each of us have it in our power to do one another an ill turn—but also a good one. You have wronged me, to begin with, by hooking the governor; but that I waive, on condition that you do all in your power to remedy my hurt. What is enough for two is not enough for three, you understand, especially when the third is a woman. 'Now that I have a wife,' says the governor (not to mention other eventualities, madam), 'it is necessary that I should be economical.' To this I assented very willingly; but there was something behind which affected me much more. 'Of course, therefore,' said he, 'I can no longer support *you* in your extravagance.' He calls my ill luck extravagance, forsooth, but that's neither here nor there. 'For the future, Horn, it will be absolutely necessary that you keep within your allowance.' 'Then,' said I, naturally enough, 'Sir, you must increase it.' He demurred, and I insisted, and altogether we made it very hot for one another that evening. Still, having the purse, he would have remained master of the situation but for a certain piece of good luck which befell me a few days afterward."

"All this may be very interesting to yourself, Mr. Horn Winthrop," observed Mabel, coldly; "but I don't see why you should give yourself the trouble to narrate it to me."

"Wait a bit, and you *will* see, madam," said the young man, grimly. "In the first place, it is through you that I intend to recoup myself. Instead of your being a hateful step-mother, whose arrival has cut off my supplies, you are going to be my horn of abundance. When I want money, which is, to say truth, a chronic complaint with me, I shall no longer have to fight for it; a soft word or two from you—or even perhaps a caress, if the sum be large—will procure it for me from the governor; or you may ask it for yourself, if you please, and then hand it over to me. It is nothing to us—is it, Fang?—how we get it, so long as we *do* get it. Do you begin to understand our little plan, madam?"

"I understand," said Mabel, scornfully, "that you wish me to assist your schemes for robbing your father."

"Pardon me, madam; a man can not rob his own father any more than a wife can rob her husband. On the other hand, it is quite possible for a woman to rob her step-son. However, we will not dispute about words; you comprehend the main fact, and that is every thing. Well, you will not find this money-getting so easy as, perhaps, with your youth and beauty, you fondly imagine. The governor, without being precisely stingy, resents any interference in his affairs. You saw what a passion he put himself into a few minutes ago when you (very properly) begged him not to commit any extravagance upon your account. You may imagine, therefore, what a fuss he will make if you ask him to spend money instead of saving it. I know the governor well, and can really make myself very useful to you if you will permit me."

"I am waiting your pleasure here, Sir, perforce," said Mabel, firmly; "but be assured of this, that no consideration on earth shall prevent my repeating to your father, so soon as I see him, every word that you are now speaking."

Horn laughed aloud. "Do you hear *that*, Fang? The enemy is showing fight, so it is necessary that we bring up our reserves.—I will detain you, madam, but a few minutes longer; but what I have to say is important, and what may be called the cream of the matter. There is one thing I have not mentioned"—here he spoke very gravely and deliberately—"about which you will find my father very troublesome: you must bear with it; because, as I once told you, he is growing bald, and finds himself not so young as he would persuade folks to believe—while you, madam, are very beautiful and very young; it is Jealousy. My father is as jealous as any dowager who has married her footman."

"He shall hear that too, Mr. Horn Winthrop, —be sure of that," said Mabel, with white lips.

"Upon consideration, you will perceive that he had better not hear it, madam. In the first place, he knows it, and one dislikes to be told of the weaknesses one is conscious of possessing, even more than to have them imputed to us unjustly. In the second place, he may have some cause for being jealous. You place your hand upon your heart, madam; that is not always in these cases a sign of innocence. Moreover, you have turned quite white. Is it necessary for me to proceed? You are silent. Do not imagine that I am judging you harshly; my ideas upon love-matters are most liberal; and, besides, nothing—absolutely *nothing*—would give me greater pleasure than to hear that you had run away from the governor to-morrow. That he already apprehends such a contingency I am quite convinced. Perhaps you did not notice the change which came over his face when I happened to mention that I had met Mr. Richard Thornton in the street this morning. You were probably too much engaged in your own reflections, for I saw *your* face change too. I am a close observer in my small way, Mrs. Winthrop."

"As sure as you are a living man, I will tell your father every word you speak."

"Do you hear *that*, Fang?" laughed Horn, once more.—"Well, madam, to prove to you how very unlikely it seems to me that you will do any thing so foolish, I will give you a point in this little match between us, and confess at once that I did not see Mr. Thornton; that part of my story was a pious fraud. For the information that he now wears a beard I am indebted to Colonel Chatterton. It struck even that amiable veteran, do you know, as rather queer that you should happen to meet your old flame at Wimbledon so very opportunely, after having plagued the governor to take you down to camp. The colonel, you may retort, is a most scandalous old scoundrel; but I am much mistaken if his view, in this particular case, is not shared by others. Do not be irate with *me*, madam, for, for my part, I do not think it queer at all, but only extremely natural. I say there is one in particular who, undoubtedly, shares the colonel's opinion, and, in consequence, has suddenly determined to leave town. You acknowledge this, and yet you are still determined to tell your husband all?"

"Most certainly I am!" cried Mabel, clinching her little hand. "I scorn and defy your lies and calumnies, and *you!*"

"Then mind you *do* tell him *all*," said Horn, leaning across the table, so as to place his scowling face quite close to that of his companion, which did not shrink from it one jot. "Tell him the whole truth while you are about it. Tell him that you always loved this man—this Thornton—from the first moment you ever saw him. Tell him (you know it's true) that you love him *still*. And, above all, tell him that within two months, or less, of your own marriage you received from this man's hand—in recompense I do not know for what, *you* doubtless *do*—two hundred pounds."

Mabel drew back from that hot, malignant breath like one who is blighted by sirocco.

"Ha!" cried Horn, triumphantly, "I knew the good blade would strike home. Don't let it rankle, madam; there is no need for that; but never forget its presence. I do not dare you to tell my father now; I *know* you dare not. You have obliged me to let you see I wear this weapon; do not provoke me to use it. It rests with you to keep it in its sheath forever."

"Your father himself gave me the money," gasped Mabel.

"Do you hear *that*, Fang? Come, dog, come; for she will never beat that if we stay here the whole day." He rose and, followed by his brute companion, strode quickly to the door; then stopped and turned as though a sudden thought had struck him. "If you really believe my father sent those notes, madam—though it matters not one fraction whether you did or not—you had better ask him; I would advise you, however, not to do so point-blank. If I do not hear from him or from yourself within twelve hours, I shall know that there is peace between us, the conditions of which have been explained to you. —My father himself gave her the money! Gad, she's a bold one, Fang, and deserves better luck!"

Mabel stood frozen with horror, listening to his brutal laughter ringing down the stairs, and bursting out once again as he passed beneath the window in the street.

WAR CANOES RACING.

THE spirited illustration on page 380, engraved from a sketch taken on the spot, represents a race between two New Zealand war canoes, at Tauranga, in the Bay of Plenty. The canoes usually employed in racing are from sixty to ninety feet long, made out of a single totara or pine, painted red, and decorated with a grotesque figure-head. The number of the crew varies with the size of the boat, the smaller holding about thirty men, while the larger will have as many as fifty paddlers. These sit with their faces to the prow, and the coxswain steers the boat with a long paddle. The stroke, we fear, would utterly disgust true oarsmen, who talk of "grip," and "finish," and "drag." There is nothing of this kind in the New Zealander's style, as might be supposed from the mode in which he holds his paddle. Stripped to the work, they bend forward to deliver their quick, powerful strokes, fixing their eyes meanwhile upon their leaders, who, standing in the bow and centre of the boat, give the time to the men with their weapons, like a conductor with his baton, and harangue them in impassioned terms, working them up to the utmost pitch of excitement, until, with a final spurt, the winning canoe drives with its sharp prow into the beach, and the race is over.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

THE Book Concern in New York is provoking the highest kind of merriment among business men. The committee appointed to investigate the charges against Dr. LANAHAN seem resolved upon one thing alone—concealment of the truth. A more remarkable instance of how not to do it has never been brought to public notice. In the beginning there was an attempt to make a Star Chamber of it. They sat with closed doors, even excluding the representatives of the official journals of the Church; but the next day the New York press criticised this action so energetically that it was subsequently abandoned. Then Dr. LANAHAN was refused counsel for his defense; and then, to crown the whole matter with merited contempt, the committee began, not by bringing Dr. LANAHAN's accusers face to face with him, but by compelling him to disprove charges which had not the support of a single name.

The large majority of church members are naturally indignant at the course of persecution the committee pursued when the trial began, and finally, as a last resort, and to save themselves from utter disgrace, the accusers of Dr. LANAHAN dropped the entire subject until the meeting of the General Conference in 1872. They are willing to settle upon almost any terms which the Doctor may suggest; but he feels that he owes it to his reputation, as well as to the Methodist Church, to submit to no compromise. Either there has been no fraud, peculation, or waste in the management of the Book Concern, or Dr. LANAHAN is guilty of disseminating slander, and, as is alleged, bringing scandal upon the Church. If there has been fraud or waste, the members of the Church have a right to know it, and they separately desire to know why the Book Concern has never paid more than three or five per cent. on its capital, while smaller and less favored publishing houses have paid from twenty to forty per cent. I think Dr. LANAHAN has clearly answered this question in the evidence he brought against certain agents of the Concern, and, as in no particular has that evidence been contradicted, he should not listen to a question of compromise. The bishops evidently place implicit faith in the damaging disclosures made concerning the bad management of the Concern, and advised the Doctor's accusers to close the investigation. This course has set on edge the teeth of all the editors denominational in the Western States, and there is amusement in general. The bishops consider the Doctor sustained by the facts adduced in the first trial, and for the good of the Church they desire that the subject may no longer be exposed to public criticism. Through every agony of trial Brother LANAHAN has triumphantly vindicated himself, and has beaten the entire committee.

There will yet be a vast amount of trouble over this case, and yet the case will never fully be given to the public, unless it be done by the secular press. The reason is obvious. Nearly every official paper of the Northern Methodist Church has an editor fishing for a bishopric. LORE expects it, so does CURRY, and NESBIT, and WILEY, and some say CROOKS (I am not so certain about him); they must in this crisis be perfectly conservative, or stake their chances. This simple fact of these editors running pell-mell after this position is the cause of the Methodist world having a blinker put over the eyes of the Book Concern. All that is really known about it comes through that bravest of all brave papers—*Harper's Weekly*. Its fearless editor has rushed in where factional editors have feared to tread, and it deals with wrongs in the Methodist Church just as it does with the dangers which threaten the Republic from the mass-houses of the Roman Catholics.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

WE give in this number of the *Weekly* an interesting double-page engraving of the marriage-ceremony which united the Princess LOUISE to the Marquis of Lorne, of which some account was given in the last number of this paper. It took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. There can be no doubt that it was a popular marriage. The people seem to feel that it brings royalty nearer and closer. The Marquis of Lorne did not wear his kilt, as was expected; but to make up for it, his father, the Duke of Argyll, and brothers, turned out in the true Highland style—kilt, plaid, and philibeg. The Queen wore a black satin dress trimmed with crape and jet, and a diadem of diamonds over a long white tulle veil. Her Majesty also wore a ruby and diamond brooch and necklace, with a diamond cross, the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, the orders of VICTORIA and ALBERT and LOUISE of Prussia, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha family Order.

The wedding-dress of Princess LOUISE was a rich white satin, covered with a deep flounce of Honiton point lace, trimmed with cordons of orange blossoms, white heather, and myrtle, and a train of white satin, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Her Royal Highness wore a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, with a veil of Honiton lace, held by two diamond pins in the form of daisies, the gift of Prince ARTHUR, Prince LEOPOLD, and Princess BEATRICE. The dress was made by Miss UNITT, and the flowers were supplied by Mr. NESTOR SIRARD. The Princess had on a diamond necklace, to which was attached a large ornament of pearls and diamonds, with a sapphire in the centre, the gift of the Marquis of Lorne. She wore a diamond and emerald bracelet, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales; also a diamond bracelet which had belonged to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the one given her by the people of Windsor.

The train of her Royal Highness was borne by her bride-maids, the following eight unmarried daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls: Lady ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, Lady MARY CECIL, Lady MARY BUTLER, Lady FLORENCE MONTAGU, Lady FLORENCE GORDON LENNOX, Lady GRACE GORDON, Lady CONSTANCE SEYMOUR, and Lady ALICE FITZGERALD.

The Queen remained standing beside the bride during the marriage-service, as did also the Prince of Wales and the others. The following was the position of the chief persons while the ceremony was proceeding:

In front of the altar the bride stood on the left and the bridegroom on the right. Behind these, on the left, were her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and on the right, Lord RONALD LEVESON-GOWER and Earl PERCY, the best men of Lord Lorne. The bride-maids were stationed between these groups, supporting the train. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, and the rest of the distinguished company, formed two semicircles behind. To the left were the Princess of Wales, the Count of Flanders, Princess CHRISTIAN, Princess BEATRICE, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince ARTHUR, Prince LEOPOLD, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince CHRISTIAN, Princess TECK, and Prince TECK. On the right stood the Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Argyll, the Dowager Duchess, Lord A. CAMPBELL, Lady A. CAMPBELL, Lord C. CAMPBELL, Countess PERCY, the Maharajah and Maharanee DHULEEP SINGH, and Prince EDWARD of Saxe-Weimar.

After the ceremony the happy couple posted to Claremont, their future residence, about twenty miles from Windsor.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WAG, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one, it would probably be hung.

A good story is told of a young man who applied to one of our hotels for a situation. The landlord informed him that there was but one place vacant, that of lamp-cleaner. The questioner accepted the situation, observing that he would like something as remunerative as possible, as he was once a clerk, spoke four different languages fluently, etc. "Oh, that's of no consequence," said the unappreciative landlord; "this business won't require you to speak but one language, and mighty little of that."

Why is the world like a piano?—Because it is full of flats and sharps.

"Well, Tom," said a grocer to his apprentice, "you have been here now three months, and have seen the several departments of your trade. I wish to give you a choice of occupation." "Thank'ee, Sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shutting up, Sir!"

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the witty rejoinder.

A Californian whose wedding-day was fixed did not appear at the appointed time and place, but sent a note to the clergyman, saying that he had just received a letter from his wife in the East, and thereby had his mind recalled to the fact that he was married several years before, a circumstance which had entirely escaped his memory.

Paris is poor enough, but she would be better off if she had "nary a Red."

A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormondom in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had. "Enough to keep me from running after other people's," he promptly replied.

HOW TO ELEVATE THE HUMAN RACE—Send them up in balloons.

"Lewis," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the son, "I can wait."

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?

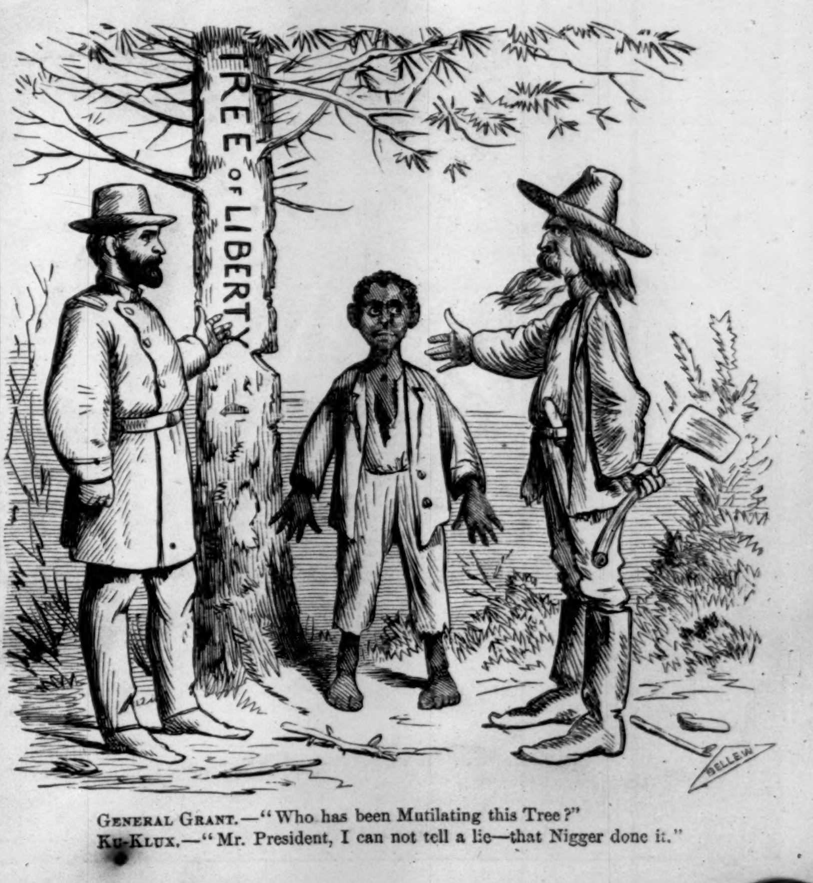
He who has plenty of brass can generally get it off for gold.

A MAN FULL OF SPIRITS—A distiller.

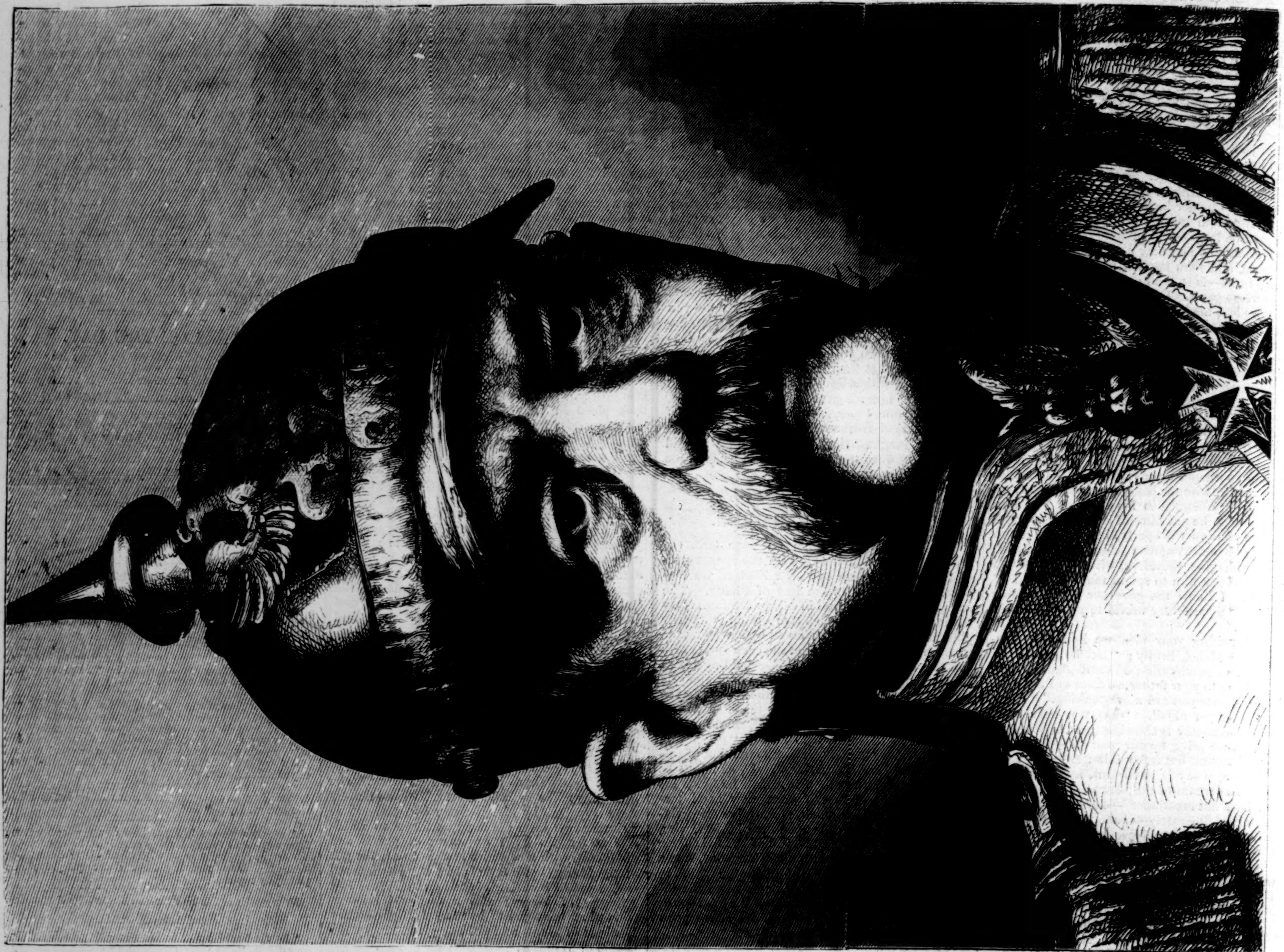
The editor of a newspaper near Lake Champlain has discovered a way of keeping eggs from spoiling. His method is to eat them when they are fresh!

A young doctor in a new settlement, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly remarked that if he filled it he thought he should do his part.

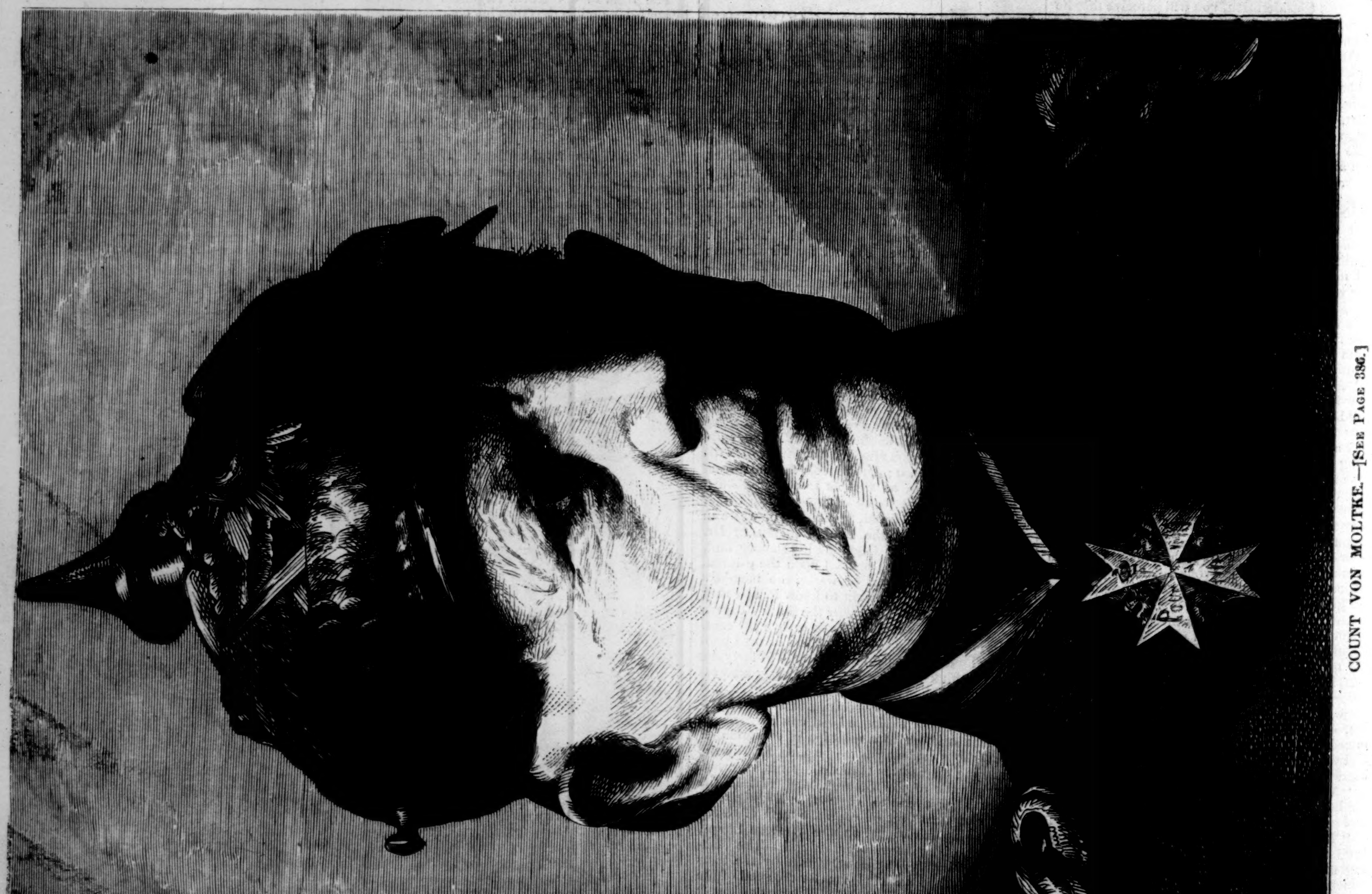
CAWS AND EFFECT—Crows and scarecrows.



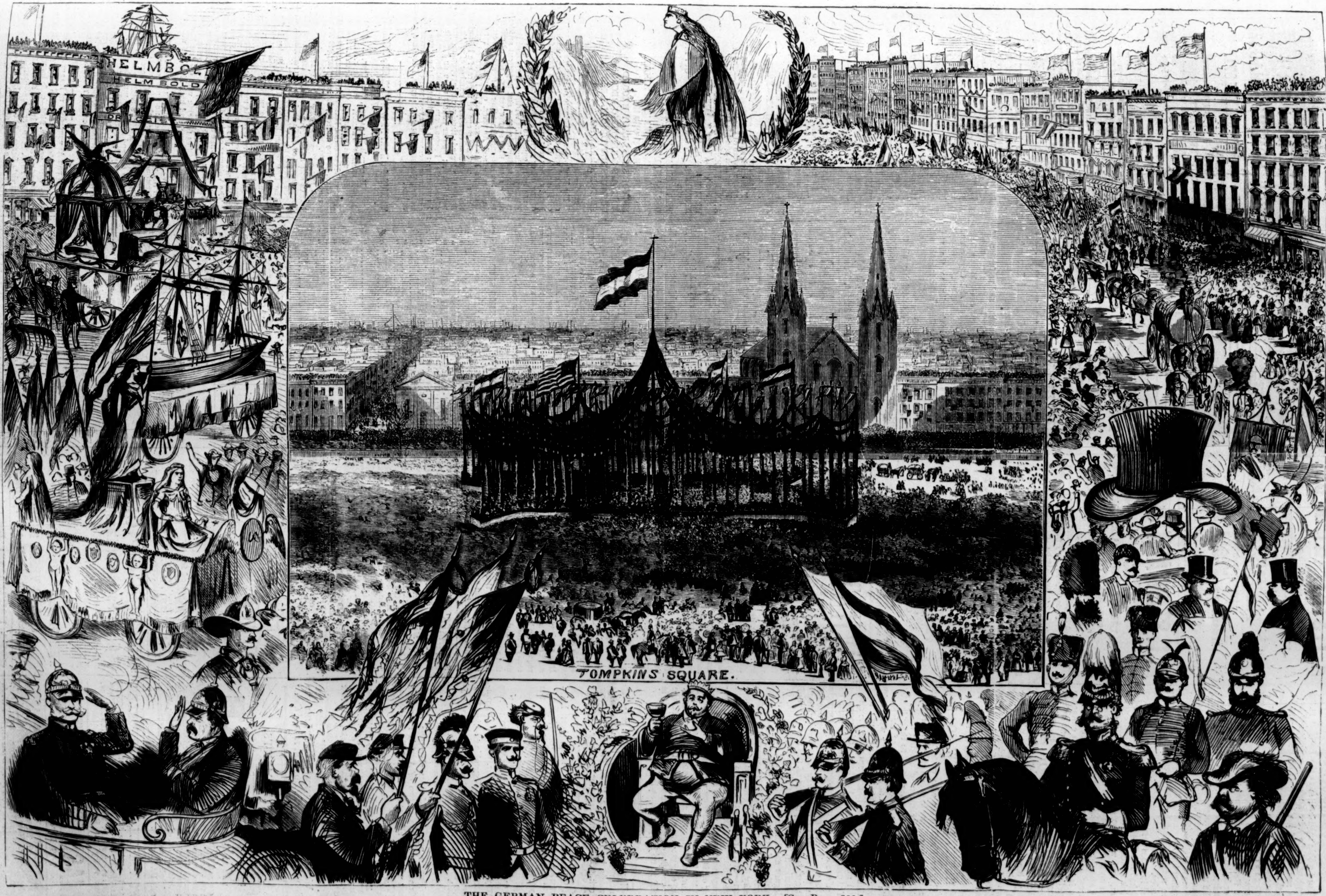
GENERAL GRANT.—"Who has been Mutilating this Tree?"
KU-KLUX.—"Mr. President, I can not tell a lie—that Nigger done it."



PRINCE BISMARCK.—[See Page 386.]



COUNT VON MOLTKE.—[See Page 386.]


HELMBOLD
HELMBOLD
TOMPKINS SQUARE.

THE GERMAN PEACE CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.—[See Page 386.]

CLAREMONT.

This noble mansion, says the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, which is to be the residence of the Marquis of Lorne and his royal bride, is best known as the home of another princess—the Princess Charlotte (daughter of George IV.), whose brief wedded life was spent there with Prince Leopold, afterward King of the Belgians. Afterward Leopold's second father-in-law, Louis Philippe, and his family, found shelter here on their flight from France in 1848. The mansion, however, has older memories than these. It was built by General Clive, reports of whose rapacious doings in India, and the charges against him, were magnified by the peasantry of the neighborhood into all manner of dreadful stories. At night-fall they shunned the place, and it was a common tale among them how the wicked old General had made the walls double-thick to keep out the devil, who was waiting for him, and who one day would certainly snatch him up and fly away with him. On the whole, the associations of the house are not of the pleasantest augury in the eye of superstitious folk, but it has a charming situation on an eminence overlooking a wide sweep of the richest sylvan scenery in the greenest part of England, and surrounded by a delightful park. It is some twenty miles from Windsor, and thither, after the marriage breakfast, the Marquis and his wife posted, with their suit, in open carriages, passing through numerous triumphal arches, receiving addresses and bouquets at the principal villages, and cheered heartily by the people all the way.

HOTEL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Every Englishman who writes on America has something to say in praise of our hotels, even while abusing the fashion of making them our homes, instead of leaving them to their legitimate purpose—the entertainment of travelers. We fear nothing that any one can write will counteract this tendency. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" appears to be the question and its answer in the hearts of thousands of American men and women, and it must be confessed that the inducements are exceedingly strong. The new Gilsey House, recently opened on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, is a good specimen of the beau ideal of American hotels. It is eight stories high, of elegant architectural appearance, fitted up "regardless of expense," and will afford accommodations for about four hundred guests. One peculiarity deserves special mention, as well as imitation—every room in the house is connected with the business office by a speaking-tube, an arrangement which will do away with much ringing of bells, and tedious waiting for an answer. Access to every story is had by means of an elevator, in addition to an easy and broad staircase. An elegant drug store occupies a part of the ground-floor, and is leased by Helmbold. It is finished up in splendid style.

Hope for the Drunkard! Hopeless cases of Intemperance positively cured, by a *harmless remedy*, by Dr. Beers, 12 E. Twelfth St., New York. Call or send stamp for *Evidence*.—[*Com.*]

"Burnett's Cocoaine is the best hair-dressing."

"Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best."—[*Com.*]

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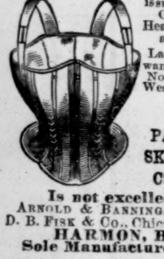

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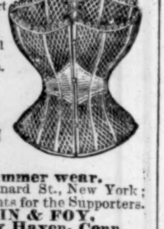

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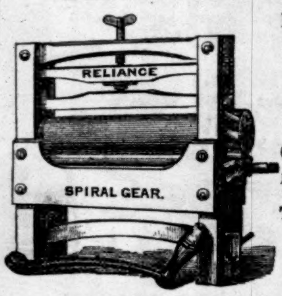

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DISILLUSION.

THE MONARCH OF MOUNTAINS.
Illustrations.—Mont Blanc, from the Mer de Glace.—Mont Blanc, seen from Mont Buet.—Mountains of Europe.—Rock of the Grands Mulets.—Great Crevasse at the Foot of Mont Blanc.—Passage of the Echelles by M. Bisson, 1861.—The Hut erected on the Grands Mulets.—Exploring the Mountain.—Catastrophe of August 20.

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ARCHIE HUTCHINGTON.

THE AMERICAN BARON. By the Author of "The Dodge Club," etc.
Chapter XII. Girasole again.
Chapter XIII. Vain Remonstrances.
Chapter XIV. The Zouave Officer.
Illustrations.—"'To Rome!' he muttered, between his set Teeth."—"Two of them grasped the Stranger by his Coat Collar."—"Catching Minnie in his Arms, he kissed her several Times."

THE THREE SHIPS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—XVIII. Life's Closing Scenes.
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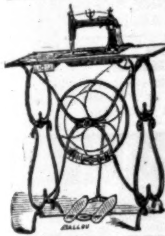

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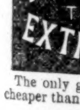

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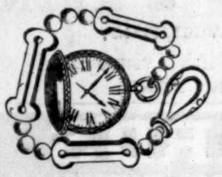

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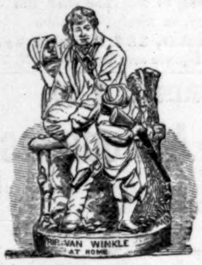
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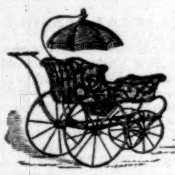

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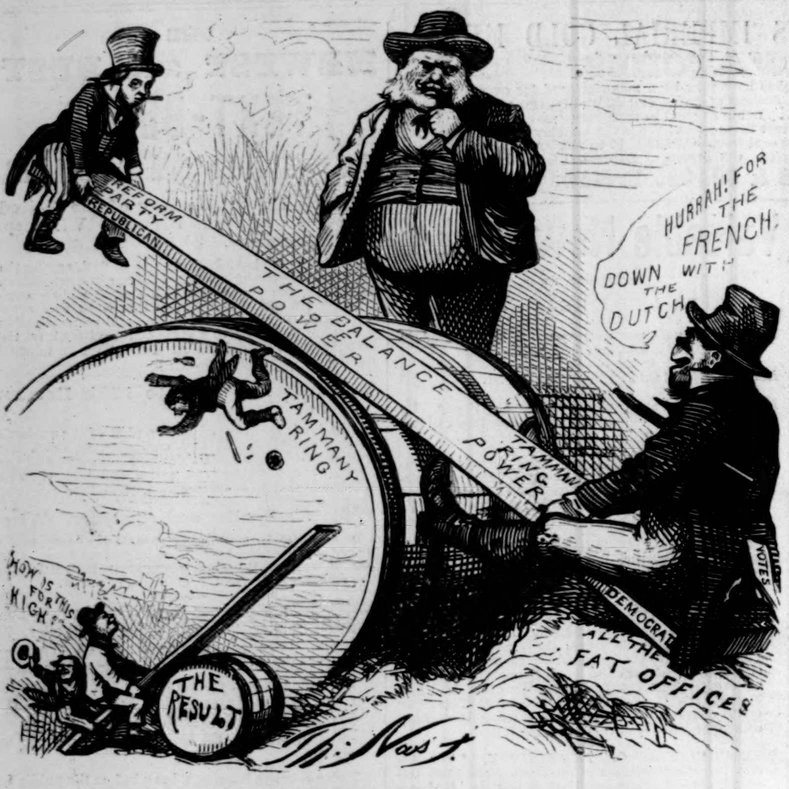

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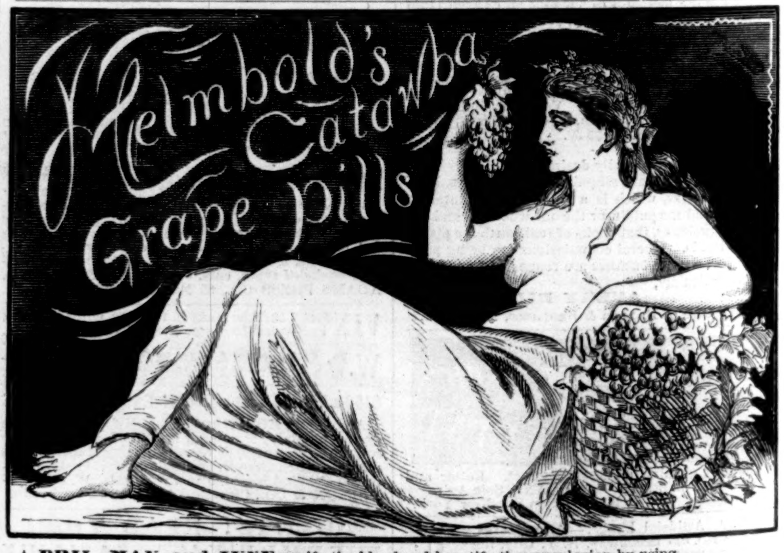

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MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

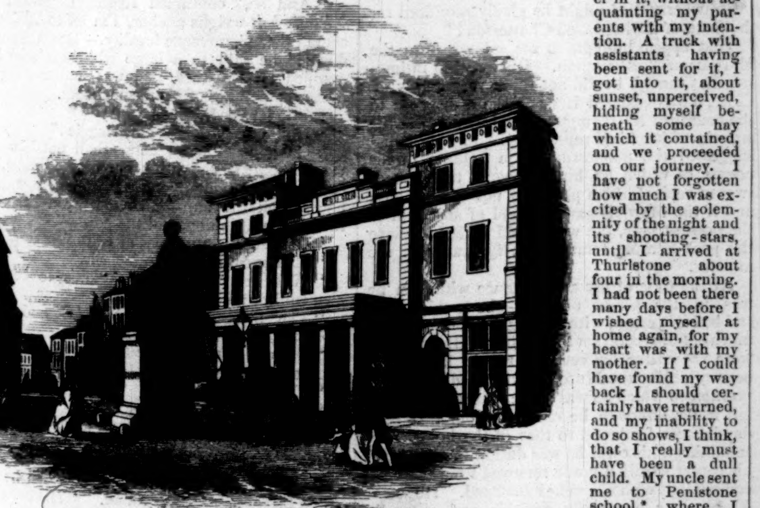
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

BY S. C. HALL.

THOUGH fellow-townsmen, there was little or no personal intercourse between James Montgomery and EBENEZER ELLIOTT. It would be difficult to imagine any two persons more dissimilar: the one soft and pliable as virgin wax, the other hard and unbending as a slab of cast-iron; the one ever laden with milk and honey for his kind, the other fierce as a fierce northwester, that spares none—raging sometimes with indiscriminate wrath.

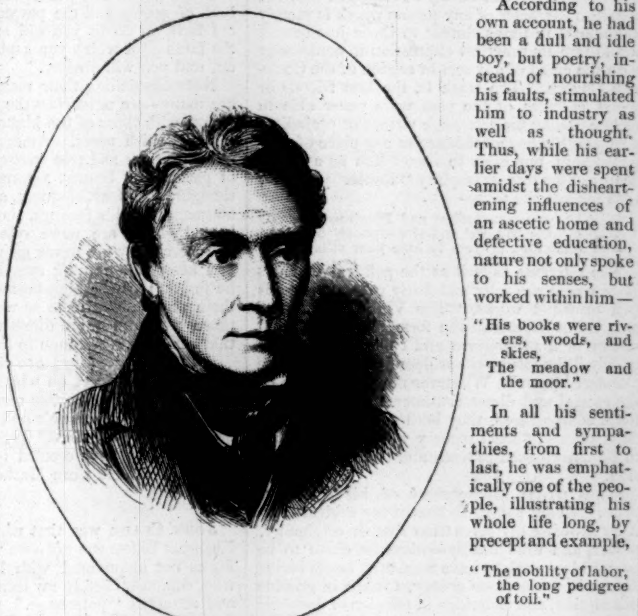
In 1837 I received this letter from Ebenezer Elliott: "I was born at Masbrough, in the parish of Kimberworth, a village about five miles from this place (Sheffield), on the 17th March, 1781; but my birth was never registered except in a Bible, my father being a Dissenter and thorough hater of the Church as by law established;" and not long afterward he gave me some further particulars of his life. There can be no reason why I should not print them, although they were supplied to me as notes, out of which I was to write a memoir to accompany some selections of his poems in the "Book of Gems."

> "Ebenezer Elliott—not ill-treated, but neglected in his boyhood, on account of his supposed inability to learn any thing useful—suffered to go to school, or to stay away, just as he pleased, and employ, at his own sweet will, those years which often leave an impression on the future man that lasts till the grave covers him—listening to the plain or coarse, and sometimes brutal, but more often instructive and pathetic, conversation of workmen, or wandering in the woods and fields till he was thirteen years old—is altogether the poet of circumstances. The superiority, mental and bodily, of his elder brother—though Ebenezer never envied it—cast him into insignificance and comparative idiocy, and could hardly fail to throw a shade of sadness over a nature dull and slow, but thoughtful and affectionate. Sowerby's 'English Botany' made him a collector of plants, and Thomson's 'Seasons' a versifier, in the crisis of his fate, when it was doubtful whether he would become a man or a maltworm; shortly afterward, or about which time, the curate of Middlesmoor—a lonely hamlet in Craven—died, and left his father a library of many hundred valuable books, among which were Father Henepin's 'Travels of M. De la Salle in America,' the *Royal Magazine*, with colored plates in natural history, Ray's 'Wisdom of God in the Creation,' Derham's 'Physico-Theology,' Hervey's 'Meditations,' and Barrow's 'Sermons,' which latter author was a great favorite with the future rhymer, he being then deeply shadowed over with a religion of horrors, and finding relief in Barrow's *reasoning* from the dreadful declamation which it was his misfortune hourly to hear. To these books, and to the conversation and amateur preaching of his father, an old Cameronian and born rebel, who preached by the hour that God could not damn him, and that hell was hung round with span-long children—to these circumstances, and to the pictures of Israel Putnam, George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, etc., with which the walls of the parlor were covered, followed by the events of the French Revolution and awful Reign of Terror, may be clearly traced the poet's character, literary and political, as it exists at this moment. Blessed or cursed with a hatred of wasted labor, he was never known to read a bad book through, but he has read again and again, and deeply studied, *all* the masterpieces of the mind, original and translated, and the *masterpieces only*—a circumstance to which, more than to any other, he attributes his success, such as it is. He does not now know, for he never could learn, grammar, but corrects errors in composition by reflection, and often tells the learned 'that the mouth is older than the alphabet.' There is not, he says, a good thought in his works that has not been suggested by some object actually before his eyes, or by some real occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men; but he adds, 'I can make other men's thoughts breed.' He can not, he says, like Byron, pour out thoughts from within, for his mind is exterior, 'the mind of his own eyes.' That he is a very ordinary person (who, by the earnest study of the best models, has learned to write a good style in prose and verse) is proved by phrenology, his head being shaped like a turnip, and a boy's hat fitting it. 'My genius,' he says, 'if I have any, is a compound of earnest perseverance, restless observation, and instinctive or habitual hatred of oppression.' He is thought by many to be a coarse and careless writer; but that is a mistake. He never printed a careless line. 'Moore himself, with his instinct of elegant versification, could not,' he says, 'improve my roughest Corn-Law Rhymes.' Of his political poems, 'They met in Heaven,' is the best. The 'Recording Angel,' written on the final departure of Sultan George from the Harem, is his best lyric. Of his long poems 'The Exile' is the most pathetic. 'Withered Wild Flowers' is his favorite; it is a perfect epic in three books, and the idea of telling a story in a funeral sermon is new. But his masterpiece, both as a poem and as a character, is the 'Village Patriarch,' the incarnation of a century of changes and misrule, on which he has stamped his individuality. The critics say he succeeds best in lyric poetry; he thinks he ought to have written a national epic, and if he had time he would yet make the attempt. He thinks also there is merit in his dramatic sketch of 'Kehonah,' particularly in the character of Nidarius, and the dramatic introduction of the supposed executioner of King Charles."



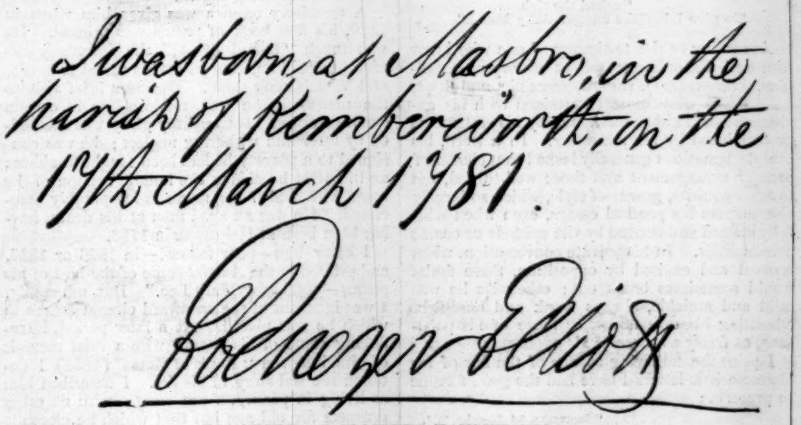
ELLIOTT'S MONUMENT IN THE CORN MARKET.

So far his personal history is given in his letter to me.



EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The ancestors of Ebenezer Elliott were "canny Elliotts" of the Border, whose "derring deeds" were warning proverbs in the debatable land; border thieves they were, who "lived on the cattle they stole." His father—who, from his eccentricities and ultra "religious" views, was named "Devil Elliott"—had been apprenticed to an ironmonger at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, after which he became a clerk in the celebrated cannon-foundry of Messrs. Walker, at Masbrough, near Rotherham. He soon left that situation, and went as a servant to the "New Foundry," in the same town; and there the poet was born, and baptized either by his father or by "one Tommy Wright," a Barnsley tinker and brother Berean. Ebenezer was one of seven children, three sons and four daughters, of a father bearing the same baptismal name. His first book-lessons, after those of his mother, were with a Unitarian school-master of the name of Ramsbottom, of whom he has made grateful mention in one of his poems. But he had the anxiety of a curious and ingenious child to see something of the world beyond the foundry and his teacher's garden.



I was born at Masbro, in the parish of Kimberworth, on the 17th March 1781.

Ebenezer Elliott

FAC-SIMILE OF ELLIOTT'S HANDWRITING.

> "My ninth year," says he, in a letter I copy, "was an era in my life. My father had cast a great pan, weighing some tons, for my uncle at Thurlstone, and I determined to go thither in it, without acquainting my parents with my intention. A truck with assistants having been sent for it, I got into it, about sunset, unperceived, hiding myself beneath some hay which it contained, and we proceeded on our journey. I have not forgotten how much I was excited by the solemnity of the night and its shooting-stars, until I arrived at Thurlstone about four in the morning. I had not been there many days before I wished myself at home again, for my heart was with my mother. If I could have found my way back I should certainly have returned, and my inability to do so shows, I think, that I really must have been a dull child. My uncle sent me to Penistone school,* where I made some little progress. When I got home from school I spent my evenings in looking from the back of my uncle's house to Hayland Swaine, for I had discovered that Masbrough lay beyond that village; and ever when the sun went down I felt as if some great wrong had been done me. At length, in about a year and a half, my father came for me; and so ended my first irruption into the great world. Is it not strange that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet, at the age of sixty, believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see for the first time the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?"

His dream of visiting America was never realized.

But school-days with Elliott, as with his more or less hopeful companions, came to an end; the iron-casting shop awaited him, and from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year he worked for his father, "hard as any day-laborer, and without wages."

According to his own account, he had been a dull and idle boy, but poetry, instead of nourishing his faults, stimulated him to industry as well as thought. Thus, while his earlier days were spent amidst the disheartening influences of an ascetic home and defective education, nature not only spoke to his senses, but worked within him—

> "His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
> The meadow and the moor."

In all his sentiments and sympathies, from first to last, he was emphatically one of the people, illustrating his whole life long, by precept and example,

> "The nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil."

How far, or whether at all, the tastes of the son were influenced in any way favorably by those of the father, who was spoken of under the above ugly appellation, does not appear; but it is worthy of remark that the elder Elliott himself was a rhymester. "In 1792," says Mr. Holland, in his "Poets of Yorkshire," "he published a 'Poetical Paraphrase of the Book of Job.'"

Long afterward, Ebenezer, in writing of his father, says, "Under the room where I was born, in a little parlor like the cabin of a ship, which was yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—my father used to preach, every fourth Sunday, to persons who came from distances of twelve to fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism. On other days, pointing to the aqua-tint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell and of Washington the rebel."

It is not material, in this brief notice of the "Corn-Law Rhymer," to trace him from his father's foundry, at Masbrough, to his own shop, as a steel-seller, in Sheffield, nor to describe his earliest efforts in verse. His poem of "Love" attracted no attention from readers of any class; while his "Night"—the scene of which is the picturesque spot identified with the legend of "The Dragon of Wantley"—was declared by one reviewer to be "in the very worst style of ultra-German bombast and horror!" But his taste rapidly improved, and that—strange as it may appear—under the stimulus of the intensest Radical politics. There was, in fact, a touch for the morbid in his temperament—a dramatic taste of the horrible in fiction—as witness his own "Bothwell"—with a special dislike of hereditary pride or grandeur. But though almost insane in his denunciation of the aristocracy, and absolutely rabid at times, both in his conversation and his writings, there was in his *heart* an innate love for the graceful and the beautiful in nature; the fiercer passions evaporated in a green lane, and wrath was effectually subdued by the gentle breezes of the hill-side. His strongly marked countenance bespoke deep and stern thought; his pale gray eyes, restless activity; his every look and motion indicated an enthusiastic temperament; his overhanging brow was stern, perhaps forbidding; but the lower portions of his face betokened mildness and benevolence; and his smile, when not sarcastic, was a most sweet and redeeming grace.

> "The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
> He feared to scorn or hate,
> But honoring in a peasant's form
> The equal of the great."

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

William Howitt describes him as "one of the gentlest and most tender-hearted of men;" yet his mind seemed incapable of reasoning when the higher orders of society were praised: he could not tolerate even the delicate hint of Mr. Howitt, that "among them were some amiable men." He at once "blazed up," exclaiming furiously, "Amiable men!—amiable robbers, thieves, murderers!"

Yes, on that subject he was absolutely insane. The stern, bitter, irrational, and unnatural hatred was the staple of his poetry—the greater part of it, that is to say; for many of his poems are as tender, loving, and pure as are those of his fellow-townsman, gracious James Montgomery.

I have quoted four lines from one of his poems; this passage is from another. He is describing some mountain scenery conspicuous for desolate sterility:

> "I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
> That the bribed plow, defeated, halts below;
> And thanks, majestic barrenness, to thee
> For one grim region, in a land of woe,
> Where tax-sown wheat and paupers will not grow."

Comparatively little was known of the vast poetical power of Ebenezer Elliott until 1831, when an article in the *New Monthly Magazine* (then under my editorship), from the pen of Lord Lytton, directed public attention to his genius.

It was Dr. Bowring who showed to Lord Lytton a mean-looking and badly printed pamphlet called "The Ranter." He was struck with it, and sent to me a review of the work in a letter addressed to the Poet Laureate, directing his attention to the "mechanic" as one of the "uneducated poets" whom Southey had so often folded under his wings. Its publication gave the Sheffield poet a wider renown than he had previously obtained, but it did no more. Lord Lytton wrongly described him, as others had done, as "a mechanic:" he was not then aware that many years previously Elliott had been in correspondence with Southey, who fully appreciated the rough genius of the poet. Neither did Lord Lytton then know that Elliott had published several beautiful poems in certain periodical works, the *Amulet* among others, in which one of the most perfect of his compositions, "The Dying Boy to the Sloe-blossom," appeared in 1830.

Afterward Elliott became a regular contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and for that work he wrote many of his best poems.

His friend, Mr. Searle, describes him personally: "Instead of being a true son of the forge*—broad-set, strong, and muscular as a Cyclops—he was the reverse. In stature he was not more than five feet six inches high, of a slender make, and a bilious, nervous temperament; his hair was quite gray, and his eyes, which were of a grayish-blue, were surmounted by thick brushy brows. His forehead was not broad, but rather narrow; and his head was small. There was great pugnacity in the mouth, especially when he was excited; but in repose it seemed to smile, more in consciousness of strength, however, than in sunny unconscious beauty. His nostrils were full of scorn, and his eyes—which were the true indices of his soul—literally smote you with fire, or beamed with kindness and affection, according to the mood he was in. In earnest debate his whole face was lighted up, and became terrible and tragic."

---

* The house is still standing at Thurlstone in which was born, in 1682, the celebrated blind mathematician, Dr. Nicholas Sanderson, who learned to read by feeling the letters on the grave-stones in the church-yard of the adjacent town of Penistone.

* This mistake was common, and did the poet no harm. That he knew how to use a hammer was true enough; but his towns-people were not a little amused to be told in print that the house of the "Corn-Law Rhymer" was "surrounded by iron palisades which had been forged on the anvil by his own brawny arm."

He describes himself, however, as five feet seven inches in height; slimly rather than strongly made; eyes dim and pale, mostly kind in their expression, but sometimes wild; his features harsh, but not unpleasing: "on the whole," he says, "he is just the man who, if unknown, would pass unnoticed any where."

He is thus graphically sketched by Southey: "It was a remarkable face, with pale gray eyes, full of fire and meaning, and well suited to a frankness of manner and an apparent simplicity of character such as is rarely found in middle age, and more especially rare in persons engaged in what may be called the warfare of the world."

The one great blemish of Elliott's poetry, in the estimation of general readers, is the frequent introduction of that subject which, with him, was more than a sentiment—an absorbing and overmastering passion—the direct theme of some of his most spirited lyrics, the topic of his common conversation no less than the spell of his genius, and in pursuance of which he adopted the significant appellation of the "Corn-Law Rhymer." This subject, it need scarcely be added, while it was the mainspring of his popularity with one party of political economists, including all the working-men of his day, was, at the same time, still more powerful in exciting the dislike of other classes of the community, and especially all those connected with the agricultural interest. This position of personal as well as poetical hostility toward a large, wealthy, influential, and respectable section of his countrymen was rendered less enviable by the general bitterness of style and harshness of epithet by which his "rhymes" were but too commonly characterized. But "gentle arguments are not suited for stern work:" while, therefore, it is impossible to read many of his most powerful pieces without a mixture of admiration for the skill of the poet, and of regret for the violence of the partisan, it should not be forgotten that much of the interest of these compositions has passed away, by the signal triumphs of the doctrine which they originally illustrated and enforced. For, whatever may be the opinions entertained at this moment by any person or party in this country relative to the abolition of the Corn Laws, there can be no doubt that the popular and energetic struggle which issued in that event was effectually aided by the genius of Ebenezer Elliott.

On the other hand, let it not be imagined that Ebenezer Elliott was made a victim, or made himself a martyr, of the "bread tax," otherwise than in his "rhymes:" he was, in fact, a shrewd, active, and successful man of business; and, notwithstanding he tells us, in terms which formed so long and so loudly the burden of his song, that

"Dear sugar, dear tea, and dear corn
Conspired with dear representation
To laugh worth and honor to scorn,
And beggar the whole British nation,"

he was fortunate enough to outmatch the "four dears," as he calls them—to give up business—to leave Sheffield for the enjoyment of a country retreat, in a good house of his own at Hargot Hill, in the vicinity of Barnsley. But an insidious complaint was slowly, yet surely, arresting his vital powers. He "departed this life" on the 1st of December, 1849, and is buried in the church-yard of the beautiful little village of Darfield.[*] The church may be seen from the house in which he died.

It was not by his own desire he was laid in consecrated ground. Not long before his death he pointed out to a friend a tree in one of the pleasant dells that environ black and busy Sheffield, and said, "Under this tree I mean to be buried. I shall sleep well enough here; and who knows but I may feel the daisies growing over my grave, and hear the birds sing to me in my winding-sheet?" He was dying, when his faculties were suddenly roused by a robin singing in the garden underneath his chamber window. He had strength enough to write these lines—they were his last:

"Thy notes, sweet robin, soft as dew,
Heard soon or late, are dear to me;
To music I could bid adieu,
But not to thee.
When from my eyes this lifeful throng
Has pass'd away, no more to be,
Then, autumn's primrose, robin's song,
Return to me."

His character is thus summed up by his friend, Mr. Searle: "He was a far-seeing, much-enduring, hard-working, practical man; he had a stern love of truth, and a high and holy comprehension of justice; he appreciated the sufferings of the poor, and if he exaggerated, he thoroughly sympathized with, their wrongs." His life, indeed, seems to have been governed in conformity with one of his own lines:

"So live that thou mayst smile and no one weep."

He was a good citizen, and a good member of society; "there was not a blot or flaw upon his character;" he was regular at his business; careful of all home duties; a dutiful son and attached husband, a fond but considerate father;[*] and it is gratifying to record this his own testimony to his faith—"Having studied the evidence on both sides of the question, *I am a Christian from conviction.*" It will hardly be expected that the religious character of any person which is merely announced in terms similar to those just quoted would find its practical expression in conformity with the creed of any sect or section of the Christian Church. The truth is, the best friends or worst enemies of the poet were never able to reckon among his ostensible virtues or prejudices a regular Sunday attendance at any place of public worship, nor even to report him as a casual hearer of his own exemplary "Ranter" preacher, with his favorite text—

"Woe be unto you, Scribes and Pharisees!
Who eat the widows' and the orphans' bread,
And make long prayers to hide your villainies!"

The religious as well as the political opinions of the poet are fully and fairly presented in his two principal works, "The Village Patriarch" and "The Ranter;" the former a witness and victim of a progressive and culminating "monopoly," the latter an out-door "preacher of the plundered poor." Whatever may be thought of the special and direct sentiments and design of these compositions, they both contain incidental descriptions of local scenery which may be said to be unsurpassed in truth and beauty of expression.

Thus writes Montgomery of his "brother poet:" "I am willing to hazard my critical credit by avowing my persuasion that in originality, power, and even beauty—when he chose to be beautiful—he might have measured heads beside Byron in tremendous energy, Crabbe in graphic description, and Coleridge in effusion of domestic tenderness; while in intense sympathy with the poor, in whatever he deemed their wrongs or their sufferings, he excelled them all, and perhaps every body else among his contemporaries in prose or verse."

He was, "in a transcendental sense, the poet of the poor;" he (the lines are those of Walter Savage Landor)—

"asked the rich
To give laborious hunger daily bread."

According to the testimony of one who knew him well, Elliott's attempts at oratory were failures. Sententious, rugged, sarcastic, and loud, his hearers were more entertained with his excitement than either instructed by his statements or convinced by his reasoning. In a word, his oral declamations generally lacked that charm of orderly arrangement and those well-turned, not to say exquisite, graces of style, which so largely characterize his poetical essays, even when willfully dashed and marred by vile epithets or coarse personalities. In his private conversation, when crossed and excited by opposition, these faults would sometimes break out; otherwise he was mild and amiable, always frank and unselfish, admitting his own faults, or those of his partisans, as freely as those of his opponents.

I print the following as one of the few of his characteristic letters I have had the good fortune to preserve:

> "SHEFFIELD, *9th December*, 1836.
>
> "I have a great favor to ask of you, a favor which, on my knees, I implore you to grant. If you do not grant it you will miss an opportunity of honoring the *New Monthly*, by taking an entirely new view of the most important subject that ever agitated the public mind. My request is, that you will publish in your forthcoming number the inclosed article, written and extracted by a friend of the author from the proof-sheets of his unpublished book, entitled 'Agricultural Distress, its Causes and Remedy,' dedicated to the laboring people of England, and published by Effingham Wilson, London. The author is William Ibbotson, of Sheffield,[†] merchant, farmer, and Methodist—one of a sect which, he says, numbers or powerfully influences four millions of human beings in Great Britain. It is seldom that men of business like 'the Manchester manufacturer' can be induced to write books on any subject. When they do so, it is important that they be encouraged, because their experience and knowledge almost always enable them to write well. Mr. Ibbotson has demonstrated by facts that the Corn Laws are the cause of agricultural distress, and that free trade would raise rents, and permanently keep up agricultural prices, and that nothing else can do so. It is desirable that the article appear in the forthcoming number, to give the well-timed book a shove, and prevent the discouraging of an author from whom great things may be expected. You will soon perceive that Mr. Ibbotson is not used to composition; but his book, in my opinion, is the most important ever published on the subject, although the view he takes of it is opposed to mine. I shall be in most painful suspense until you inform me that you will publish the article, or write one from the documents inclosed. Unless you are false to yourself, and deficient for once in good strategy, you can not, as a friend of the agricultural interest, refuse the favor I request.
>
> "I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
>
> "EBENEZER ELLIOTT."

John Holland, the friend of James Montgomery, who knew Elliott intimately, writes, "Than whom a truer poet did not breathe the air or enjoy the sunshine among the masses of fermenting intellect in England at this period; but a tone of political bitterness, in the occasional use of the coarsest terms of party vituperation, too often tended to mar the beauty of compositions otherwise rarely surpassed for their truth, for their power, or their tenderness by the strains of his most richly gifted contemporaries."

His Corn-Law Rhymes are now probably forgotten, but they did much of the work which the reformers of 1830–35 achieved; they prepared the ground for the harvest; nay, they did more—they planted the seed.

These poems were, indeed, what the trumpets were by the walls of Jericho.

So far back as 1809, Southey (to whom Elliott had submitted a MS. poem) wrote to him thus: "There are in this poem unquestionable marks both of genius and the power of expressing it." "I have no doubt you will succeed in attaining the fame after which you aspire;" adding, "Go on, and you will prosper."

Notwithstanding their many faults—and they are many—we must class the poems of Ebenezer Elliott with those of the highest and most enduring of British poets. Among them there are many glorious and true transcripts of nature, full of pathos and beauty, vigorous and original in thought, and clear, eloquent, and impassionate in language. If his feelings, though at times kindly and gentle, are more often dark, menacing, and stern, they are never groveling or low. He had keen and burning sympathies. Unhappily he forgot that the high-born and wealthy claim them and deserve them as well as the poor, and those who are more directly "bread-taxed"—that suffering is common to humanity.

Although it was my lot to differ from him upon nearly every subject on which we corresponded or conversed, I honor the name of Ebenezer Elliott as that of an earnest and honest man, and I have greeted with fervid homage the statue of the poet they have erected to his memory—on the site of the old Corn Market—in the town of Sheffield.

JOHN CLARE was that which, I have shown, Ebenezer Elliott was not—an "uneducated" poet. I was not acquainted with Robert Bloomfield, who, somewhat before my time, "made a name" and attracted "patronage." He is now almost forgotten; "The Farmer's Boy" is covered with dust on the book-shelves.

Poor John Clare! His posthumous fame is not greater than that of Bloomfield, but his destiny in life was less auspicious. He was born "a Northamptonshire peasant." Happier would it have been for him if, from his birth to his death, his aim had been no higher than to win honors at a plowing-match.[*]

A transitory renown was given him when, in 1820, his first book of poems was printed. He was much "talked about;" the *Quarterly Review* praised him, Rossini set his verses to music, and Vestris sung them. During a brief visit to the metropolis he was made a lion in certain small coteries; his transitory glory was succeeded by utter and withering neglect; he was consigned to a poverty he had been taught to abhor; and in 1864 he died in the lunatic asylum of the town with which his name is inseparably associated. He was an aged man at his death, having been born at Helpstone in 1793.

I knew him—poor fellow!—in 1826 or 1827, and printed in the *Amulet* some of the best of his poems—notably, "Mary Lee." But, unhappily, I was ignorant of the untoward circumstances in which he was placed. At a later period, introducing some of his poems, with a brief memoir of him, into the "Book of Gems" (1838), I detailed the sad story of his life. I described him as living in penury, if not want; with no other prospect for old age but that which he gloomily foreboded in one of his early poems,

"To claim the early pittance once a week
Which justice forces from disdainful pride;"

and I appealed for some help that might diminish his desolation—writing, "It is not yet too late; although he has given indications of a brain breaking up, a very envied celebrity may be obtained by some wealthy and good Samaritan who would rescue him from the Cave of Despair;" adding, "Strawberry Hill might be gladly sacrificed for the fame of having saved Chatterton!"

That appeal brought to me a letter from the Marquis of Northampton. His lordship intimated that though he did not think very highly of Clare, he considered it would be a disgrace to the county of Northampton "to leave him in the state in which I had represented him to be," and suggested the publication of a volume of his poems, of which he himself would take ten or twenty copies! The plan was not carried out; and if the Marquis gave any aid of any kind to the peasant poet, the world, and I verily believe the poet himself, remained in ignorance of the amount.

At the time of my acquaintance with him he was in the prime of life—short, thick, and stubbed of person, with a singularly large head, much out of proportion to his body. His manners were not coarse, but certainly rough; he had not been raised by the Muse he worshiped out of the position to which he was born; indeed, he never left it, for although he changed from that of a day-laborer for bread to that of the holder of a small farm, his own, he was during the whole of his career hardly a grade removed from the rude companions with whom he associated. He seemed, however, essentially amiable, and naturally good; and none of the habits of low society were at any time his. He was a good husband and father; for he wedded early a young girl of his own rank, and the theme of his earlier loves and aspirations.

There was nothing at all assuming in his manners; he did not appear expectant or desirous that his writings should raise him above the humble calling of a bread-winner of the soil. In short, he was a rustic, neither less nor more, to whom had been given a gift that seemed to excite his own wonder.

Poor fellow! his was a sad life—

"Despondency and madness."

He was not buried in a pauper's grave, although he died a pauper in a public hospital. A small subscription obtained for him a fitter resting-place.[*] His last words were, "I want to go home." They carried his body home—to the grave-yard of his native village; and his soul was conveyed to that home where Lazarus has his good things, and likewise Dives his evil things.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

"WHAT I want, my boy, is war, war—'war to the knife!' plenty of French three-deckers to rake, and lots of prize-money to be paid for raking 'em!"

That is what Bertie Gray, Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Thunderbolt*, said to Reginald Ashe, a rising specimen of the genus British artist.

"And what *I* want, my boy, is a successful summer tour, a generous 'hanging committee' next season, and a good position 'on the line.'"

"The thanks of a grateful public, and the G.C.B. of an appreciating sovereign," said Bertie, raising his wine-glass, as if to "propoge a toast," as Mrs. Gamp has it.

"The recognition of genius by discerning critics, and R.A. tacked on to my name," cried Reginald.

"Artists don't rise to be R.A. in a single season!"

"Lieutenants in the navy don't become G.C.B. without fighting, and we are at peace with all the world."

Both the young men laughed heartily.

"Oh for the days when George III. was king!" sighed Bertie.

"Oh for the days of kind-hearted, generous Sir Joshua!" said Reginald.

"Joshua—what?"

"Reynolds, of course."

Albert Gray and Reginald Ashe were fast and dear friends, and were sitting on a beautiful June evening in the chambers of the latter in the Adelphi, sipping some very fair claret, and interchanging notes on their future prospects. The first-named, as has been said, was a lieutenant in the navy, and his age might be about thirty. He was rather strongly built, tawny-haired, blue-eyed, and brown-complexioned. Reginald Ashe was perhaps three years his junior, of a lighter build than his friend, tall, elegant, with clear-cut features, dark, liquid, hazel eyes with long black lashes, and ink-black, silky mustache and hair.

"Fill your glass, dear old boy, and we'll drink to our mutual good luck. Here's to you, my Damon!"

"And to you, my Pythias!" returned the sailor. And the young men glanced at each other without saying more, after the fashion of us phlegmatic Englishmen. But there was a world of sincere affection in the glance, brief as it was; and the heart of each beat a little more rapidly as they grasped hands.

"Heigho!" sighed Bertie; "it's almost time to be afloat again. Leave's up on Tuesday."

"I shall be off for my summer tour when you're gone, Bertie—there'll be nothing to keep me in town then."

"But your other friends—"

"Other friends? Oh, bah! I don't care about the world's ordinary friendship. A man asks you to dinner with him at his club twice in the season if you are prosperous, and cuts you in the street if you wear a shabby coat. That's the friendship (it is a libel on the name) of nine fellows out of ten. No, no, Bertie; I hold the doctrine that, in friendship as in love, *one* should suffice. I'll own no divided allegiance."

Bertie looked gratified, but said nothing.

"And so," continued Reginald, "when the *Thunderbolt* weighs anchor, I'm off to Wales, or some other picturesque locality.—Down, Brutus, down!" he said to a large white cat who had jumped on his knee, and was endeavoring to make a plaything of his meerschaum.

Bertie laughed.

"How you spoil that cat, Reggie!"

"Got a passion for cats—shall put him in a picture some day, 'with a hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' etc. I wonder Landseer never took the nursery rhyme for a subject—there's the little dog, and the cow—"

"Landseer is not great at cows."

"He's great at *every thing*, Sir."

"Well, as you please. What's to be your own subject for next season?"

"The meeting of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn."

"Oh, oh! we aim at being historical in style; we are ambitious, it seems!"

"Yes, we are."

"Go on."

"I mean to swell out your figure, and make *you* Henry."

"Much obliged, I'm sure."

"Oh, he wasn't so *very* bloated when he met Anne first," laughed Reginald. "History often lies."

"Does it indeed?"

"And he had a noble presence, and by some was thought a model of manly beauty."

"Shows their taste, then, if I am to sit for him."

"I shall make a Sir Thomas Wyatt of myself."

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[*] The village of Darfield is nearly a mile from its railway station, on the North Midland line. The church, equally plain in its design and architecture, looks pretty at a distance, from its elevated situation, and the group of fine trees with which it is flanked. The tower contains a peal of very musical bells, the ringing of which is duly appreciated by the inhabitants of the valley of the Deane. The grave of the "Corn-Law Rhymer" is unmarked, except by a plain stone, nearly level with the grass, and thus inscribed lengthwise:—"Ebenezer Elliott, died December 1, 1849, aged 68 years." On the other half of the stone, "Fanny Elliott, his wife, died December 4, 1856, aged 75 years." A plain grave-stone adjoining bears "Sacred to the memory of John Watkins, late of London, Son of Francis and Christiana Watkins, of Whitby, and Son-in-law of Ebenezer Elliott, who died Sept. 22, 1850, aged 40 years." It may be mentioned that in this secluded church-yard there is a conspicuous obelisk, which, as we learn from an inscription on the pedestal, was "Erected to commemorate the Sundhill (Colliery) Explosion of Feb. 9, 1852, in which 192 men and boys lost their lives, of whose bodies 146 are buried near this place."

[*] He had six sons and two daughters: the younger of them married John Watkins, who published a very interesting volume comprising "The Life, Poetry, and Letters of Elliott." Two of his sons became clergymen of the Established Church: two conducted for a time the old business at Sheffield.

[†] Mr. Ibbotson, "the thirteen-childed patriot," as Elliott once called him at a public meeting, was an active politician and a worthy man. He was a firm and zealous friend of James Silk Buckingham, whose return to Parliament, as one of the first representatives of the borough of Sheffield after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, was largely due to the personal energy and popular influence of the worthy merchant, farmer, and Methodist.

[*] The story of his sad life has been lately told by Mr. Frederick Martin, in a very interesting and ably written volume, published by Macmillan. Mr. Martin has done ample justice to his theme, writing in a tender, loving, and thoroughly appreciative spirit. Perhaps, as an example of biography, I might quote this as the very best book of its class I know.

[*] Mr. Martin says (I would fain hope he is in error) that "when the poet's spirit had fled, the superintendent of the Northampton asylum wrote to the Earl Fitzwilliam, asking for a grant of the small sum necessary to carry the wish of the deceased into effect (*i. e.*, not to lie in a pauper's grave). The noble patron replied by a refusal, advising the burial of the poet as a pauper at Northampton!"

"Ah, you do look sweet and sentimental with those lustrous dark eyes."

"Get out!"

"Not a bit of it."

"But now comes the dilemma. I can't find a model that at all comes up to my notion of the fair Anne."

"*Miséricorde!* 'Hamlet,' with the Prince of Denmark omitted!"

"Just so. I fear I shall have to abandon the subject and choose another."

"Wouldn't Leila Davenant do?" asked Bertie, with just the suspicion of a blush coloring his bronzed cheek.

"Leila Davenant! Anne Boleyn didn't squint."

"Neither does Miss Davenant!" cried Bertie, indignantly.

Reginald Ashe looked at him curiously.

"Oh, the land lies in *that* direction, does it?"

"Nonsense, Reggie! as if I shouldn't have told you if it did! What secrets have I from you, dear old fellow?"

Reginald was touched.

"Well, you'll tell me when you lose your heart, then?"

"Of course I will—and you?"

"To be sure I will."

"Is it a mutual bargain?"

"It is."

"Shake hands on it, then."

Bertie rose.

"I shall see you once more before I sail, Reggie: I shall look in on Saturday. I go to Portsmouth on Monday. You'll give me a farewell supper, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said the other, in a voice not quite steady, and with something very like dew in his eyes.

"Good-by, then, dear old fellow!" And with a cordial grasp of both hands that was next door to a positive embrace, these two young men, who did not consider it at all effeminate to feel and show affection for each other, parted.

"Ah," sighed Reginald, when the door had closed behind his friend, "how I shall miss him! Well, he'll be back next year. Meanwhile I must work. And now to find a model for my Anne."

Early in July Reginald Ashe was comfortably established in very pretty apartments in the cottage of a highly respectable widow in one of the most picturesque localities of North Wales. Here he set to work in earnest on his "great picture," as, with all the fondness of a young artist, he termed the work which he hoped would make him famous the ensuing spring. He had so far advanced with the painting that it was impossible to put off any longer the sketching-in of the principal figure; and he resolved, since he could find no model to his taste, to trust to his creative fancy alone for the portraiture of the lovely and ill-fated Anne. Reginald had greatly flattered his landlady's vanity by introducing her to his canvas in the quality of one of the attendants on Catherine of Aragon; and the consequence was, that the worthy soul took intense interest in the painting, and believed she was destined to be immortalized on the walls of the Royal Academy. But Mrs. Crupe, good woman, had no notion of a poet's or painter's idea of Anne Boleyn, and could only say that "Miss Lilian Wrasse, the parson's daughter, was reckoned the finest girl in these parts, and very kind to every body, and no doubt would be willing to sit to Mr. Ashe."

Reginald, who was just setting out on his usual morning's excursion, and had all his sketching paraphernalia slung across his shoulder, smiled at this, and said,

"No, no, Mrs. Crupe; perhaps some good fairy may send me a real flesh-and-blood Anne during my mountain rambles; and if not, I must trust to my ideal."

The day was splendid, although as intensely hot as it usually is in the month of July. A blue heat-mist overhung the purple hill-tops, and seemed, like the veil of beauty, to wish to hide their glories from the heather-land below. A wide expanse of moor, growing crimson with the heath blooms, which were already beginning to burst into blossom, was dotted here and there with flocks of the diminutive mountain sheep and herds of shaggy black and dun cattle, at once sullen, picturesque, and intractable. The wide-spread panorama was intersected in all directions by winding mountain streams, which, although running very low on account of the extreme heat of the weather, yet retained sufficient water in their channels to supply the browsing flocks and herds, and to add greatly to the beauty of the wild and exquisite picture. The sun, not yet fully risen, hung a great globe of gold over the few scattered firs which crowned some of the hill-tops, and, dispersing the mists as he ascended, gave promise of a magnificent day.

The young artist, dashing the hair from his brow, stood gazing on the lovely scene with a rapt intensity of gaze and thought only known to those hard brain-and-hand toilers of the great Babylon to whom it is rarely given to snatch a few hours from the turmoil of city existence and commune with Nature in her own solitudes. He looked back at the little rose-bowered cottage which he had left a mile behind him, and almost felt that he could be content to resign forever the golden dream of ambition, and, with the friend of his heart and the wife of his bosom for companions, pass in this sweet and solitary spot a tranquil, if an unambitious existence.

But a moment's reflection awoke him from the dream, and recalled his wandering imagination to the realities of life.

"I must not lose the fine effects of those early mountain mists," he murmured to himself. "To work, O Utopian Alnaschar! Dreams of the Unattainable balance no banker's book. Ah, well!" Then choosing a favorable situation, he began the outline of a sketch of sunrise on the Welsh mountains.

The artist's heart was in the work, and it grew under his loving fingers. It was already half colored, when a soft yet unmistakable expression of surprise caused him to drop his brush and look hastily around.

A few yards behind him stood a young lady. She was of a dazzlingly fair complexion, just in the slightest degree tinged by sun-brown, and was rather tall of figure than otherwise. Her eyes were large, liquid, and of a melting tenderness, their color blue. Her small queenly head, covered with sunny chestnut braids, was gracefully set on a slender white neck. Her smile was of surpassing beauty—it lit up her whole face—and her hands and feet were exceedingly small and beautifully proportioned. This fair girl, who was apparently about twenty years of age, wore a plain white dress, with a tartan scarf and sash, and a white straw hat simply trimmed with purple and white heath blossoms. She might have passed for Ellen in the "Lady of the Lake."

"Oh dear, I am sure I beg your pardon!" said the lady.

"Anne Boleyn, by Jove!" thought the gentleman; but he said, as he glanced at the sketch-book she held in her hand, "Nay, I beg *yours*, if, as I guess, I have occupied the place from which you intended to sketch!"

"Yes—no—that is—oh, pray do not move," as she saw Reginald Ashe begin putting together his palette and brushes. "Mine is no sketch, it is merely a scratch. I was never taught. In fact, this is my first attempt."

But Reginald had risen.

"Oh, *do* pray finish your painting," said the young girl. "I shall be so distressed!" And she really looked so. "May I glance at it?" she asked, timidly.

"Oh yes, I shall be most happy," said the young man, looking at her with an artist's eye.

"Beautiful!" cried she.

"Beautiful indeed!" echoed he. But the lady meant the sketch, and the artist meant the lady.

It is perfectly wonderful, when people have a taste in common, how quickly they manage to make friends over it. Bring two enthusiastic musicians, painters, or politicians together for the first time, and in half an hour they will be as intimate as if they had known each other all their lives. It is no wonder, then, that the acquaintanceship progresses rapidly, when on the one side there is an intelligent and beautiful girl, and on the other a handsome and clever young man of fascinating manners.

Reginald found himself explaining and suggesting to the young girl as if he had been engaged to teach her at half a guinea a lesson. He ran through the gamut of "outline," "tone," "light," "coloring," and "chiaro-oscuro" with glib proficiency. Nor did his fair pupil appear by any means loath to learn. It must be said in her excuse (if any of our bewitching town-bred ladies who read this pronounce her a "bold thing"), that Belgravian etiquette has not as yet been introduced into the Welsh mountains—and long may it be ere it is so! Lilian Wrasse (for it was the rector's daughter) was speaking to a stranger without an introduction, it is true; but then a mutual love for art drew them together, and the young lady spoke and acted in every way as only a true gentlewoman can do.

Meanwhile, having finished his own sketch, the artist was examining that of Miss Wrasse, and pointing out to her in what respects it was deficient. It was a crude affair, as might have been expected from an untaught hand; but rude as it was, it nevertheless bore evidences within it of true artistic instincts. Lilian was pleased with the artist's approbation of what was good in her sketch, tempered as it was by honest censure of that which was bad.

"I like to be told my faults," she said. "Papa says my drawing is perfection; but I know, I feel it is *not*. Oh, thank you for telling me."

Reginald was amused, yet pleased. How different was this unsophisticated girl from his fair London acquaintances, with whom, to question the perfection of any thing they did, was to put one's self under the ban of perpetual exile from circles polite!

"Nobody ever taught me, you see," said Lilian; "oh, I *should* like to have a master!"

"And I should like to be he," thought Reginald. But he did not say so. He knew the proprieties. Yet he was more than half in love with this charming Welsh maid already. A pang shot through his heart as he reflected that this chance meeting would probably be the last, since he knew not who the young lady was. Did a similar reflection possibly cross Lilian's mind? It is not improbable.

The sun had by this time risen high in the heavens, and Miss Wrasse hastily prepared to turn her footsteps homeward.

"I am so much obliged to you for your hints," she said, adjusting her red plaid scarf; "I shall be sure to profit by them."

"Oh, do not thank me," he said, with a glow on his handsome face. "It has been such a pleasure." Then, unable to resist the temptation, he added, "May I not hope we shall meet—"

But, with a graceful bow, she turned away her blushing face and was gone.

The artist stood a few moments watching the tall, slight figure as, with white dress fluttering, it slowly descended from the hill-slope to the moor-lands below. He sighed unconsciously as he thought how often it happens thus in life. We meet (in some railway carriage, perhaps) a man whom instinct tells us we could love as a friend, or a woman who realizes our day-dream. The station is reached, the train stops, and into the seething crowd of life vanish both man and woman, leaving us with a vague, indefinable feeling of "something missing" which we never experienced before.

But as Reginald Ashe stood watching the young girl (who had certainly not left him "fancy free") he observed her suddenly stop, with a gesture that betokened somewhat of alarm, and look undecidedly round her. Before the artist—though he strained his gaze to the utmost—could discern the reason of this, he beheld the young girl turn round and retrace her steps toward the spot where he stood, looking up to him as she did so, and augmenting her pace till it reached a positive run.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Reginald, "what can be the matter?" and he advanced rapidly to the young lady's assistance. He had not run twenty yards down the hill-side, with his painting tressels in his hand, when an agonized shriek from Lilian made him redouble his pace, and at the same moment he perceived the cause of her alarm.

A few yards behind the young girl, and following her at a brisk trot, was one of the largest of the shaggy black-cattle of which we have spoken. Although this species are of no size as compared with the ordinary kinds of cattle, they are often obstinate and vicious to a degree, and sufficiently powerful to give any body whom they may attack a poor chance of getting away from them without either loss of life or damage to limb. The spiteful little brute was probably attracted by the red portion of Lilian's scarf, for she wore a "Rob Roy" tartan; and as he followed her, he stopped a few moments to bellow wrathfully and to toss his shaggy black head, in which his evil little eyes twinkled from out a forest of hair like those of a demon. Fortunately this deliberate gloating over a prospect of the immolation of a victim gave Lilian time to gain considerably on her pursuer, and to Reginald to take in the whole situation and determine upon his course of action. He had observed as he descended the hill a small clump of stunted thorn-bushes, the shelter of which it was his object to gain. And accordingly, having reached Lilian and taken her hand, he half urged, half dragged the terrified girl till they were both safely ensconced behind this friendly shelter. It was not too soon, for they had barely reached the bushes when their vicious little enemy was upon them. Now the bushes, seven in number, formed a clump, round which it was impossible, so long as Reginald and Lilian kept moving, for the bull to catch them. Accordingly they dodged round and round the clump, until the young girl, sick, terrified, and giddy, was on the point of fainting. The bull, nothing daunted, in spite of several severe blows on his muzzle from the artist's tressels, continued to walk round and round the trees with all the spiteful malignity of a cat who has a mouse in view which she knows can not escape her; when it suddenly occurred to Reginald that, were the cause of his anger removed, the bull might become more manageable. Accordingly Lilian, with the help of the young man, removed the obnoxious scarf, which Reginald rolled up and concealed in his pocket. No sooner was the object of his hatred removed than the savage little animal stared stupidly at the pair as if desirous of some fresh provocation, and then, balked of his intended assault on the detested color, gave a snort of indignation and trotted back to rejoin the herd.

But directly all immediate danger was removed the highly wrought nerves of the young girl gave way, and she fainted. The artist laid her gently and tenderly down on the heather, and proceeded to fill his cap with water at one of the many rivulets which meandered over the moor. This done, he mixed with it a small portion of brandy from his luncheon-flask, and bathed the temples and hands of the insensible girl. While he was so doing he caught sight of two peasants burning turf at no great distance, and by loud and continued shouts attracted their attention, when they left their peat-heaps and came toward him.

"Lord have mercy on us!" said one of them, in Welsh (of which the artist fortunately understood a little), "if it isn't parson's daughter!"

"Parson's daughter!" exclaimed Reginald, as he remembered Mrs. Crupe's observations that morning.

Meanwhile Lilian had slowly come to herself, to the great satisfaction of the stolid, gaping peasants.

"She ben't dead, after all!" said they, in chorus.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young girl, holding out her hand to Reginald, "how much I owe you, Sir! I should have lost my life but for you."

She could say no more; and the artist, not at all desirous of being thanked, inquired if she thought she was strong enough, with his assistance, to reach the rectory.

"Oh yes," said she; "I feel quite strong now."

She was nevertheless compelled to lean pretty heavily on the young man's arm; and perhaps that slow walk and silent *tête-à-tête* did a good deal to precipitate matters. Who knows?

After this seasonable service to his daughter, and consequent claim upon the rector's gratitude, was it not a matter of course that an invitation to the rectory should follow? A footing in the house once obtained, what could things do but progress in the usual groove? An old philosopher tells us that, as fire and tow, so are a young man and woman in the constant neighborhood of each other, especially when of similar tastes and dispositions.

Lilian Wrasse did not need much entreaty before she consented to sit as the model for Anne Boleyn; and such good use did the painter make of his time, that, when the finishing-touch had been given to the great picture, the finishing-touch had also been given to the destiny of two lives.

The "Meeting of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn" created a "sensation" at the Royal Academy next season, and Reginald Ashe always remembered with pleasure that his search of a model for that unfortunate queen had been the cause of his finding a wife.

Early in the spring the *Thunderbolt* arrived at Plymouth, from her West Indian cruise. Before she had been anchored in the Sound twenty-four hours, Reginald Ashe received the following letter:

"DEAR REGGIE,—You know my bargain with my Damon. Well! Leila Davenant and I have come to an *understanding*. Be my 'best man.'
"Your affectionate BERTIE.
"P.S.—Hope the picture is good."

To which the lieutenant received the following answer:

"DEAR BERTIE,—*Can't*. Going to be a bridegroom myself. Let's be married same place and day. Who do you think I'm going to marry? Why, *Anne Boleyn!*
"Your affectionate REGINALD.
"P.S.—The picture is *superb!*"

And married at the same place, and on the same day, they were; for Lilian and her father, fully sympathizing with the affection of the two friends, came up to London on purpose. And two happier alliances were never formed than on the day when the artist married his model.

NEARLY A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS relates that when he was doing the duty of a scrivener in an office of the Palais Royal, he copied, under the eyes of the Duke of Orleans (afterward King Louis Philippe), the statements pro and con connected with the claim of the Lady Maria Stella Petronilla Chiappini to all the privileges then enjoyed by the same duke. Her story ran thus:

The Duchess of Orleans, Louis Philippe's mother, married in 1768, had presented to her husband, Louis Philippe Joseph (the *Philippe Egalité* of the Revolution), up to the beginning of 1772, only one daughter, who died immediately after birth. So as the possessions of the duke would naturally revert to the Crown, in case of his dying without heir male, he and his lady determined on a tour in Italy in the beginning of the above-named year, with the faint hope that the journey might tend to the fulfilling of their wishes. They traveled as the Count and Countess of Joinville; and by the time of their arrival at Modigliana, in the Apennines, they began to hope that their hearts' desires might be fulfilled.

In this town was a prison, and the wife of its keeper, Chiappini, was, at the period of the visit, in the same condition as the duchess. The duke, according to his usual custom, was accessible to the ordinary inhabitants of the place; the jailer was soon reckoned among his acquaintance, and an agreement was made between them, that if the child of the countess happened to be a girl, and that of the jailer's wife a boy, an exchange should be made, and a round sum of money handed over to Chiappini, on his swearing inviolable secrecy on the subject.

Matters fell out just as the duke feared and the jailer hoped; the exchange was made, and the noble pair returned to Paris. The birth of the future king occurred on the 17th of April, 1773, but it was not announced in the capital till the October of the same year.

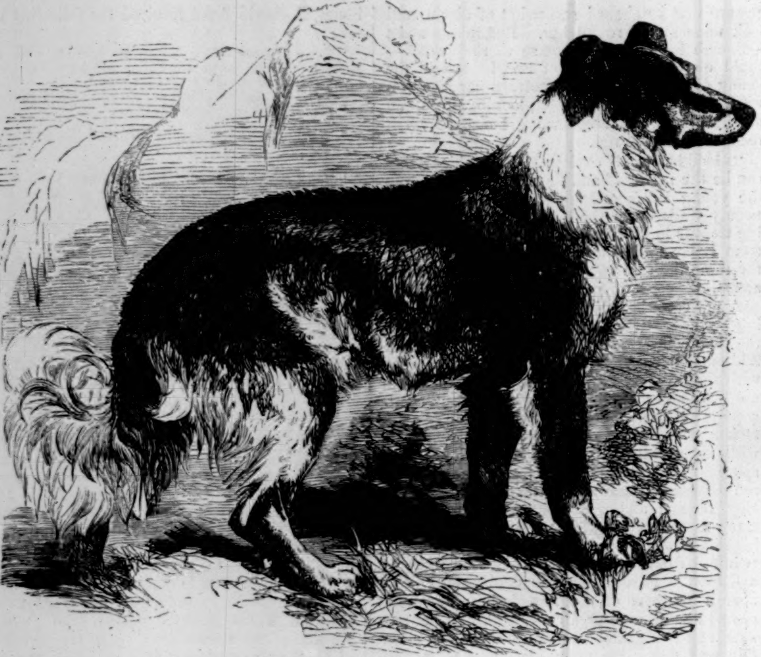
The girl, Maria Stella, spent a rather dismal youth-time, as her quasi-mother never ceased to regret what had been done, and continually reproached her husband for his share in it. She always treated her supposed daughter with coldness and harshness. She was very beautiful, and at the age of seventeen, Lord Newborough, then on a tour through Italy, did not find it very difficult to persuade her to become Lady Newborough, and go with him to England. After the births of some children she was left a widow, but did not long endure her loneliness. She became the wife of the Baron de Sternberg, a Russian nobleman, went with him to St. Petersburg, bore him a son, but afterward lived apart.

At that period of her life she received a letter written by Chiappini, and directed to be sent to her after his death. From it she learned all that has been related, except the identity of her parents. She immediately set out for Italy, and, by dint of diligence, learned that the Count and Countess de Joinville had been residents in her native town at the time of her birth, that a child had been born to them about that same period, and that they had shortly after proceeded to France. To France she now repaired, found out the Joinville estate, learned that it was an appanage of the house of Orleans, that the ex-duke had been in Italy in 1773, had died on the scaffold in 1793, and that his son, Louis Philippe, at present enjoyed the dukedom and the Palais Royal, and was living in state in Paris.

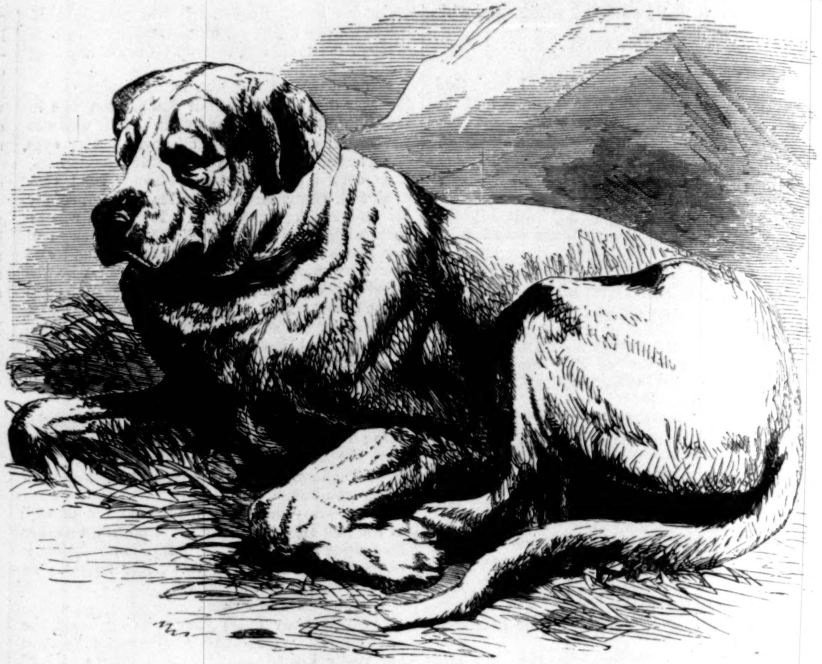
She then repaired to Paris, and proved a god-send to sundry greedy agents, who promised her an interview with the duke, and their exertions to carry out her wishes. But the interview was found unattainable, and, in consequence, she informed, through the papers, all whom it might concern, that the Baroness de Sternberg had arrived in Paris charged with an important communication to be made to the heirs of the Count of Joinville, and requested an opportunity to impart it to the personage chiefly concerned.

No opportunity appears to have been allowed, and Maria Stella returned to her native town and procured strong documents in support of her claims. But when she presented herself again in Paris, in 1824, she could not interest Louis XVIII. (no great lover of his cousin of Orleans) in her favor, and her suit fell into abeyance. It was worse when the duke became king, for he did not even honor her with persecution. She remained in the city till her death. Her house was at the end of the Rue de Rivoli, toward Rue Saint-Florentin, and any of her neighbors who happened to be of excitable temperament were sure to be awakened at an early hour by the chirping of innumerable sparrows and other small birds, for whom breakfast had been laid out over-night in the three front windows opening on a balcony.

She expired in 1845, the day after the opening of the Chambers. Her last words were, "Hand me the paper till I read the speech of that brigand."



"SIRRAH."



THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

"SIRRAH'S" MANAGEMENT OF A FLOCK.

James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who possessed the best opportunities of studying the character of the shepherd's dog, mentions that he at one time had a dog called "Sirrah," an animal of sullen disposition, and by no means favorable appearance, which was an extraordinary adept in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows:

"About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' cried the shepherd, in great affliction, 'my man, they're a' awa.' The night was so dark that he did not see 'Sirrah;' but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as, of all others, were sure to set him most on the alert; and, without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock.

"Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor 'Sirrah' could they obtain the slightest trace. It was the most extraordinary circumstance, says the shepherd, that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them.

"On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Flech Cleuch, and the indefatigable 'Sirrah' standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when we first came in view of them we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which 'Sirrah' had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered, by degrees, that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can farther say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest 'Sirrah' that morning."

A PRACTICAL HINT.

The following, from Mure's "Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands," though not, strictly speaking, an anecdote, gives a very useful hint how best to ward off a canine attack:

"At Argos one evening, at the table of General Gordon, then commander-in-chief in the Morea, the conversation happened to turn on the number and fierceness of the Greek dogs, when one of the company remarked that he knew a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening on a journey to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral settlement by the way-side. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the consequence might have been serious had he not been rescued by an old shepherd, the Eumæus of the fold, who sallied forth, and finding that the intruder was but a benighted traveler, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. His guest made some remarks on the watchfulness and zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed in their attack. The old man replied that it was his own fault for not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency—that he ought to have stopped, *and sat down*, until some person whom the animals knew came to protect him. As this expedient was new to the traveler, he made some further inquiries, and was assured that if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapons of defense, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him; that as long as he remains quiet they will follow his example, but as soon as he rises and moves forward they will renew the assault."

THE SHOE-BLACK'S DOG.

The following is from Chambers's "Anecdotes of Dogs:"

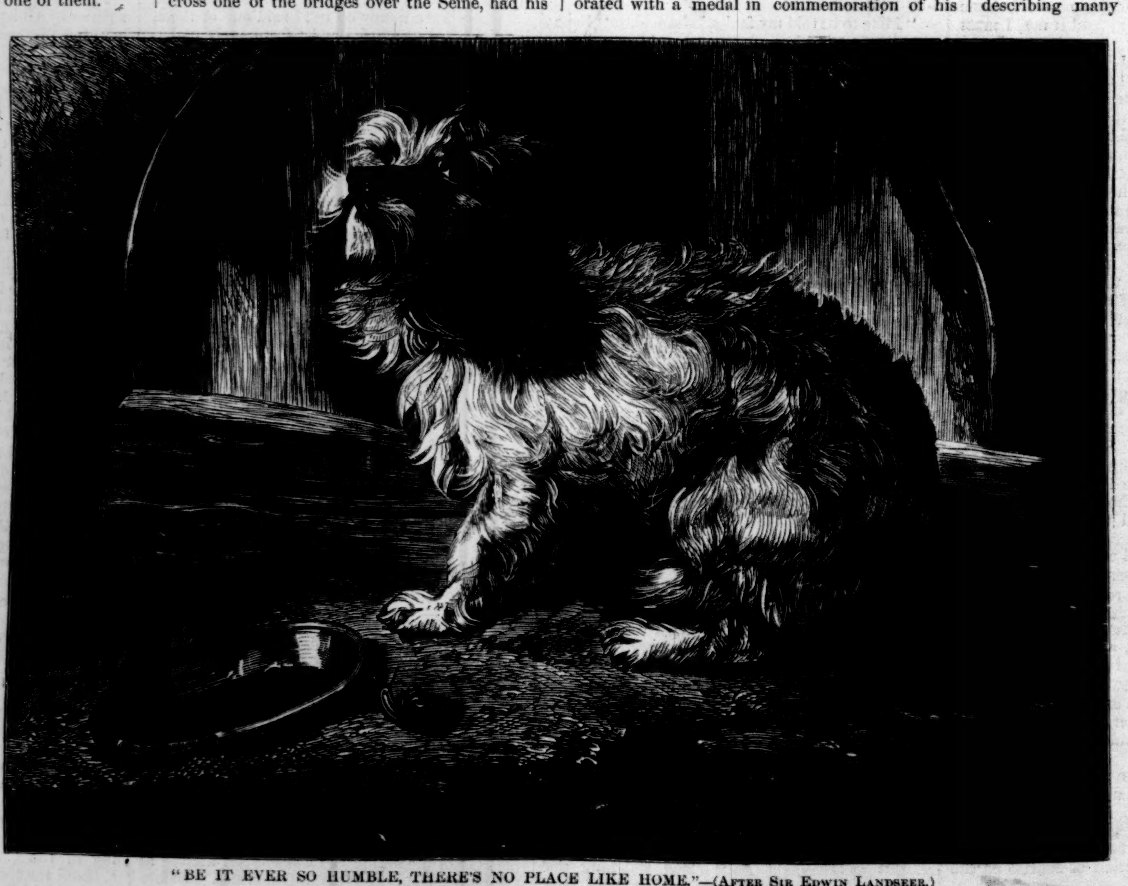
"An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoeblack, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself into the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."

THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

The dogs attached to the Hospice of St. Bernard are employed to search for those unfortunate persons who may have been overtaken by a sudden storm on the mountains, and who would perish without their aid. By their sagacity, many a belated traveler has been rescued from a fearful death. Benumbed with cold, wearied out with searching for the track from which he has strayed, the traveler sinks upon the mountain-side, and is soon covered by the drifting snow. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the dogs can discover his whereabouts by their keen scent. They scratch away the snow with their feet, and then set up a hoarse and continued bark, which brings the Brothers of the Hospice to their assistance.

One of this breed of dogs, which had been decorated with a medal in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, perished, in the year 1816, while attempting to convey a Piedmontese courier to his anxious family. The courier arrived at the Hospice at a very stormy period of the year, striving to reach the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath, where his wife and children dwelt. The Brothers vainly attempted to check his resolution. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the wearer of the medal. As the party descended from the Hospice they were suddenly overwhelmed by two avalanches, and the same destruction awaited the family of the courier, who were making their way up to the Hospice to obtain some news of him who was so dear to them. They all perished.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who for many years resided at Grange House, Edinburgh, had a fine dog of the St. Bernard breed presented to him. His bark was so loud that it could be distinguished at the distance of a mile. His bark once led to his recovery, when stolen by some carters. "Bass," as the dog was named, had been missing for some time, when he was brought back to Grange House by a letter-carrier, who said that in going along a certain street he heard a barking inside a yard, and at once recognized the voice of "Bass." "He knocked at the gate," writes Sir Thomas, "and immediately said to the owner of the premises, 'You have got Sir Thomas Lauder's big dog.' The man denied it. 'But I know you have,' continued the letter-carrier. 'I can swear that I heard the bark of Sir Thomas's big dog, for there is no other dog in or about all Edinburgh that has such a bark.' The man then admitted that he had a large dog, which he had bought for a trifle from a couple of coal-carters; and at last, with great reluctance, he gave up the dog to the letter-carrier, who brought him home here." Sir Thomas, after describing many of "Bass's" characteristics, then proceeds: "He took a particular fancy for one of the postmen who deliver letters here, though he was not the man whom I have already had occasion to mention. It was the duty of the postman I now allude to, besides delivering letters, to carry a letter-bag from one receiving-house to another, and this big bag he used to give to 'Bass' to carry. 'Bass' always followed that man through all the villas in the neighborhood where he had deliveries to make, and he invariably parted with him opposite to the gate of the Convent of St. Margaret's, and returned home. When our gate was shut to prevent his following the postman, the dog always leaped a high wall to get after him. One day, when the postman was ill, or detained by some accidental circumstance, he sent a man in his place. 'Bass' went up to the man, curiously scanning his face, while the man retired from the dog, by no means liking his appearance, and very anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place, 'Bass' followed him, showing strong symptoms that he was determined to have the post-bag. The man did all he could to keep possession of it. But at length 'Bass,' seeing that he had no chance of getting possession of the bag by civil entreaty, raised himself on his hind-legs, and



"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."—(After Sir Edwin Landseer.)

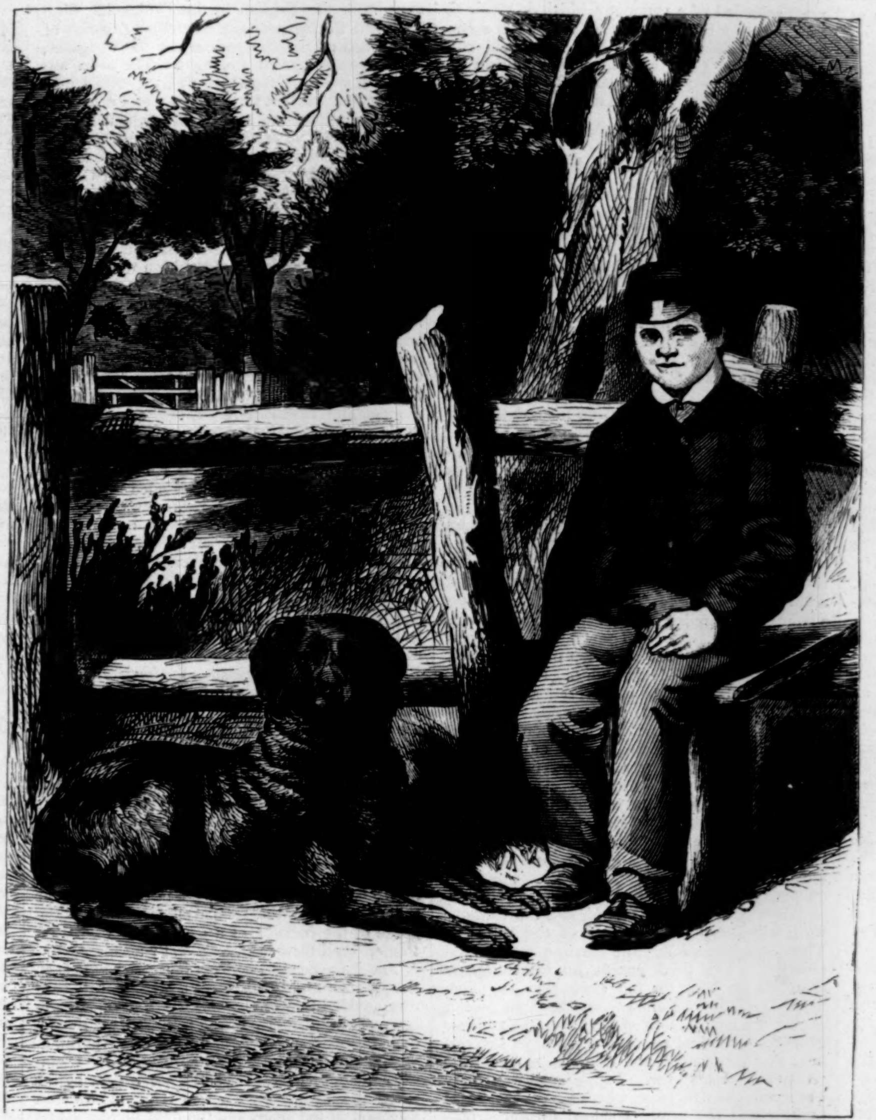
putting a great fore-paw on each of the man's shoulders, he laid him flat on his back in the road, and, quietly picking up the bag, proceeded peaceably on his wonted way. The man, much dismayed, arose and followed the dog, making every now and then an ineffectual attempt to coax him to give up the bag. At the first house he came to, he told his fears and the dilemma he was in, but the people comforted him by telling him that the dog always carried the bag. 'Bass' walked with the man to all the houses at which he delivered letters, and along the road till he came to the gate of St. Margaret's, where he dropped the bag, and, making his bow to the man, he returned home."

THE CLEVER STAFFORDSHIRE DOG.

THE *Times*, of June 1, 1867, contained the following interesting paragraph:

"On Thursday morning last a boy named Hargreaves, eleven years of age, was playing on the bank of the Cauldon Canal, near Hanley, when he accidentally fell into the water. According to his own intelligent account of what happened, he was sinking the second time, when a retriever dog, belonging to Mr. Elijah Boulton, grocer, of Hanley, seeing him in the water, sprang in to the rescue, seized the back of his waistcoat, and dragged him to land. The poor little fellow soon recovered himself, and walked home. The dog walked by his side until he had reached his father's door, and then, with a self-congratulatory wag of his tail, trotted off to Mr. Boulton's house."

Through the courtesy of Mr. Boulton, who has kindly sent us a photograph of the boy and the dog, we are enabled to present our readers with the annexed engraving.



THE STAFFORDSHIRE BOY AND HIS BRAVE DELIVERER.

THE DOG WHO HOLLOWED THE SAND FOR MOISTURE.

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE CANDOLLE has communicated to the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève" the following observations on the instinct of animals:

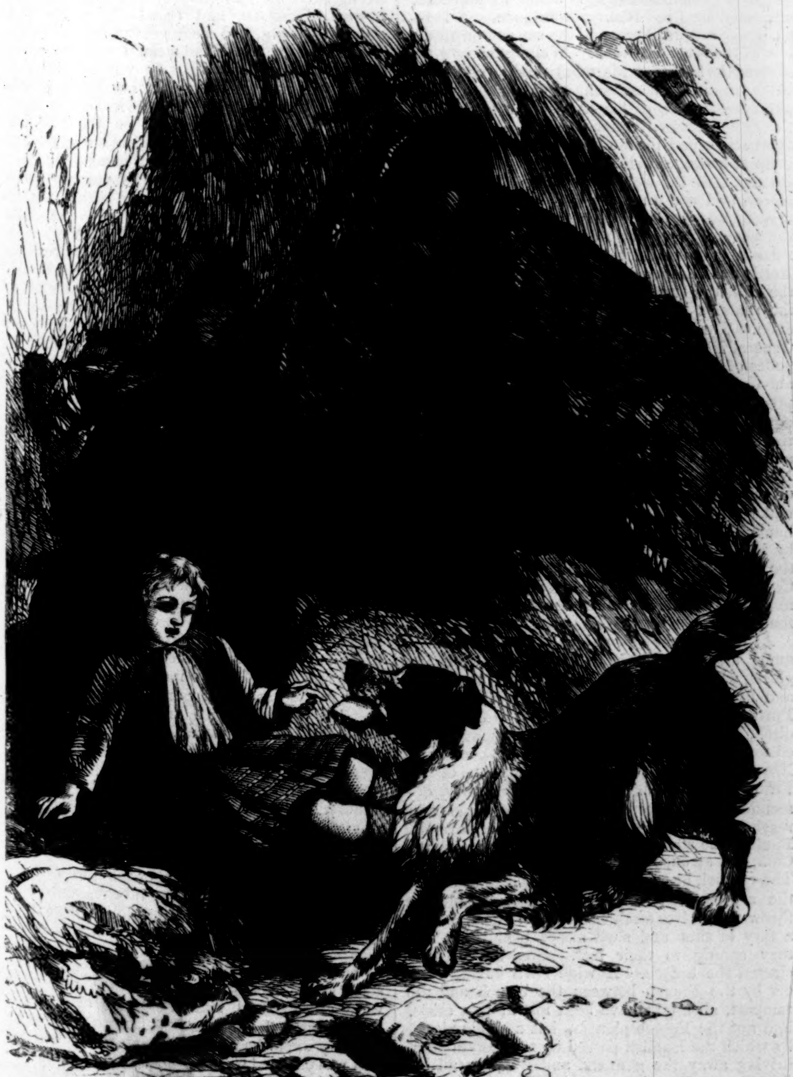
"Being last October in the neighborhood of Aiguesmortes, I had occasion to observe a remarkable instance of intelligence in a dog. The day was hot, and the season unfavorable, by reason of the trade-winds, so troublesome on the shores of the Mediterranean. After walking several hours in the desert which separates the town of Aiguesmortes from Carmagne, we arrived at a plain, where we found, in the midst of a whirlwind, some remains of a shipwreck. Out of three dogs which had followed our guide, only two had accompanied us to this spot. Their black hair attracted the rays of the sun, and the poor creatures, like ourselves, seemed to find the sand somewhat too warm to be pleasant. I sat down on a mat half buried in the sand. One of the dogs quickly conceived the idea of establishing itself near me. It nestled close to a horizontal plank by way of procuring a little shade, but, finding this insufficient, it hollowed the sand until it came to the part moistened by the sea. It then stretched itself with delight in this fresh and shady bed. There, said I, is an undoubted instance of reason. Had it been instinct, every animal of the same species, placed in similar circumstances, would have acted alike. But the other dog, though of the same race, and also weary, knew not what to do; *it writhed in the hot sand.* One of these dogs evidently remembered that by hollowing the sand-hillocks a cool and moist part is arrived at, and it applied the reminiscence to this particular case."

THE RESCUE OF A CHILD.

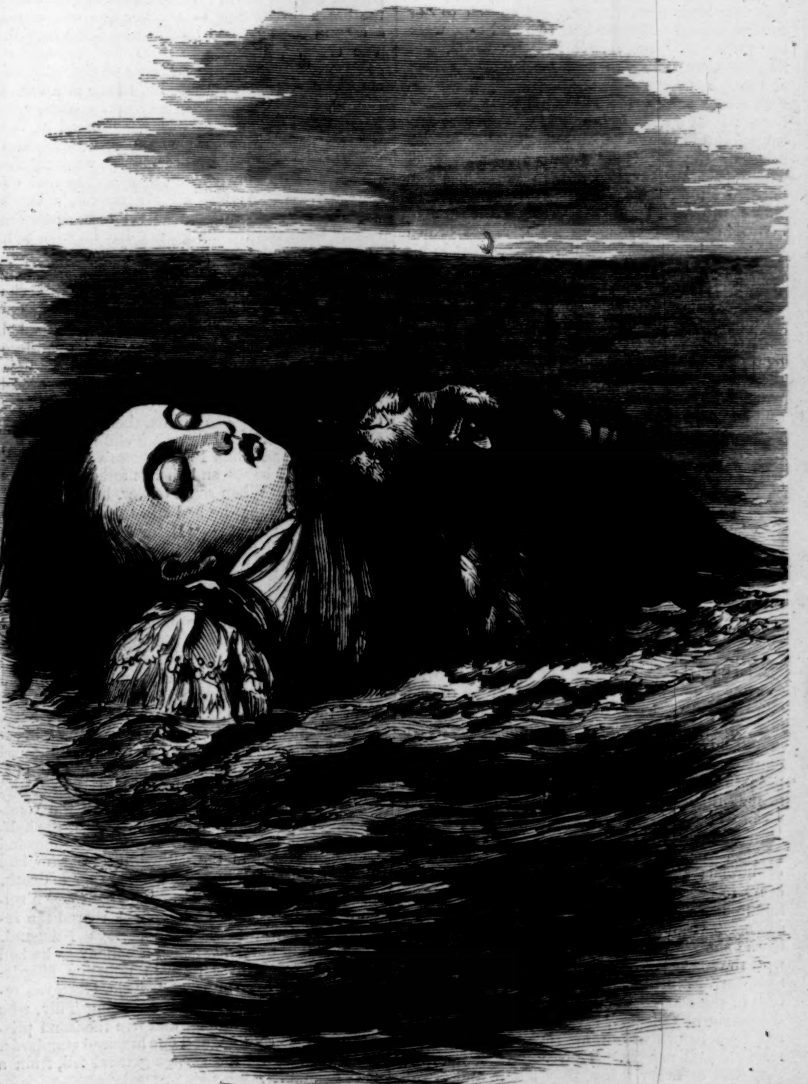
"THE Newfoundland is known to be superior to most others in the power of swimming, for which it is peculiarly fitted, by having the foot partly webbed. Some years ago a nurse was playing with a child on the parapet of a bridge over the Liffey. With a sudden spring, the child fell into the river. The agonized spectators saw the waters close over the child, and imagined that it had sunk to rise no more, when a noble dog, seeing the catastrophe, gazed wistfully at the ripples on the surface made by the child's descent, and rushed in to its rescue. At the same instant the poor little thing reappeared on the surface: the dog seized it, and, with a firm but gentle pressure, bore it to the shore without injury. Among the spectators attracted to the spot was a gentleman who appeared strongly impressed with admiration for the sagacity and promptness of the dog. On hastening to get near him, he saw, with terror, joy, and surprise, that the child was his own! Such was his sense of gratitude, that, it is said, he offered five hundred guineas for the noble animal."—*Salad for the Social.*

A DOG SUPPLYING CAKE TO A LOST CHILD.

"ONE of the most striking instances which we have heard," say the Messrs. Chambers, in their "Anecdotes of Dogs," "of sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd's dog, occurred about half a century ago among the Grampian Mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks, a shepherd took with him one of his children. After traversing the hills for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amid these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours among the dangerous morasses and cataracts



DOG FEEDING THE LOST CHILD.



DOG SAVING A CHILD FROM DROWNING.

with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by daybreak the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning at evening, disappointed, to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appalls the travelers who frequent the Grampian Mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his child eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by eying his young charge with the utmost complacence! From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then had either fallen or scrambled down, till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterward prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterward prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage."

THE FRENCH ROSIÈRE.

CAN any thing be prettier than a rosière, as she trips, crowned with white blossoms—herself a human rosebud—along the flower-strewn pathway that leads from the gray old church to her cottage home? Behind her, two and two, walk her young companions, all in pure white, and flinging from their full baskets flowers to right and left, as they go smiling onward. There are the village elders, the silver-haired patriarchs, the good old dames in lace coif and antique earrings, beaming approval on the chosen representative of the parochial youth and innocence. There is Monsieur le Curé, in shovel-hat and buckled shoes, the very type of a rustic priest. There are the rural authorities—a corpulent maire in an impossible waistcoat and a brown wig, a good-natured brigadier, resplendent in his jack-boots, his gendarme's belt burnished till it glows yellow as a harvest-moon, and the captain of the Pompiers in his grotesque helmet. The music plays—bassoon, serpent, cymbals, first and second fiddles, do their melodious best. Boum! boum! goes the big drum, and the children cry huzza! Then there are sugar-plums and sour wine, and dancing in the open air, while Church and State combine to shed their benignant approbation upon the festival of the happy villagers.

Happiest of all is the rosière, the crowned Queen of the May, the Flora of the feast. Besides her unsubstantial honors, she is to receive a very substantial dowry of real, ringing five-franc pieces—the genuine silver five-franc pieces, heaviest and hardest of cash, minted in the piping peace times of King Louis Philippe, and of the value of which, in securing a suitable husband in cautious France, not even rosières are ignorant. She is a lucky girl, for this public celebration is to her a perpetual certificate of good character. Through life she will be well esteemed, as witness the mute testimony of the old rosières of by-gone years, buxom matrons now, who walk behind her in the pageant, as so many old moons might follow the triumphant march of the young new moon of to-day. Is it not a pretty sight, and did not some old seigneur or lady do well in founding and endowing such an institution for the reward and settlement of the fairest and the best?

Alas, what a falling off there is! The rosière of nowadays may be, and very likely is, in every respect equal to the rosière of one or two hundred years ago, and the curé and the maire as excellent and single-minded. But the spirit of the show has fled, and the fault doubtless is with the spectators. Those staring tourists with red Murrays in their hands, those sneering dandies of the Paris boulevards, those reporters for the penny newspapers, are not the right kind of audience before whose unsympathetic eyes rosières should parade. They believe in nothing, they jeer at every thing, they hustle and crowd and titter until they put the procession out of countenance. The peasants themselves grow almost ashamed of a ceremony which is received as if it were a theatrical burlesque, and in a few years, no doubt, even at Nanterre itself, the dowry will be given without the exhibition of the village maiden—"Hamlet" will be performed without the Prince of Denmark.

THREE MODERN SIEGES.

OF all the events of the cruel and devastating Thirty Years' War, the siege of Magdeburg was one of the most interesting. Christian William, the deposed Administrator of Brandenburg, had roused this flourishing city by warnings of Catholic cruelties and premature promises of assistance from Gustavus Adolphus. The Protestant city, in the pride of its almost republican freedom, had already defied the anger of the redoubtable Wallenstein, and Tilly, the scourge of Flanders, now determined to wreak his rage upon these defiers of the Emperor. Count Pappenheim at once cut off the rash Administrator from his Saxon communications, and in March, 1631, closely invested the town, to destroy it before the cautious Gustavus could advance to its relief. The outworks were soon carried, while Dietrich Falkenberg, the Swedish governor, destroyed the bridge over the Elbe, and, having insufficient troops, abandoned the suburbs of Sudenberg and Neustadt to Tilly, who instantly reduced them to ashes. The garrison scarcely exceeded two thousand infantry and a few hundred horse—far too small a number for a large and straggling fortress. The citizens were all armed, but the poor had grown mutinous, complaining that they bore the brunt of every thing, and that the rich hired substitutes. Nevertheless, religious zeal, a love of liberty, a hatred of the Austrians, and a belief in the speedy arrival of Gustavus, kept the city firm for resistance. Tilly's trumpeters each time brought more favorable terms. The defenders grew hopeful and careless. The enemy's batteries were close to the ditch, and one tower had already fallen, but the walls were still sound. Gustavus was only three days' march distant. All looked well for Magdeburg. Tilly had, indeed, lost all hope of taking the place, but still, with his usual tenacity, resolved on one final, desperate effort. On the 5th the Imperialists' fire suddenly ceased, and the cannons were withdrawn from several of the batteries. These symptoms lulled the garrison into a fatal security. The tired guards on the ramparts snatched an hour for the sleep they so much needed. Tilly had already arranged an assault at gun-fire on the 10th of May, but the ruthless general, to the last moment doubtful of success, held another council, and arranged to make the attempt two hours later. Pappenheim was to try and storm the new town, where the dry ditch was shallow and the rampart sloped favorably outward. The town guard was asleep. Pappenheim's fierce Walloons clambered up about 7 A.M. with little trouble. Falkenberg, who was at the Stadt Haus, just sending back Tilly's second trumpeter, roused by the fire of musketry, hurried with all the force he could get together to the gate of the new town. Beaten back at this point, the brave Swede flew to another quarter, where a second escalade had begun, and there he fell. The citizens, hurrying to arms, and astonished at the sudden rattle of muskets and the clash of alarm-bells, became confused. In the mean time two other gates, being deserted by the guards, who hurried to help their friends, were forced in, but the resistance was still vigorous, furious, and hopeful, till four Imperial regiments, winning the ramparts, fell, with wild cries, upon the rear of the garrison. Amidst all the tumult, a brave captain of Magdeburg, named Schmidt, drove the enemy back toward the gates; but he soon fell, and with him the last hope. Before noon all the works were carried, and the town lay at Tilly's feet. Two gates were then thrown open, and the main army admitted. The soldiers instantly occupied the principal streets, and pointing loaded cannon, forced the citizens into their houses, there to await their fate. Tilly casting his soldiers loose, rapine, lust, and murder reveled for several days. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats, then half savages, amused themselves by throwing children into the burning houses, while Pappenheim's brutal Walloons stabbed babes and their mothers with the same thrust. When some officer, horror-struck, reminded Tilly that he had still the power to stop the carnage, he said: "Return in an hour; I will see what I can do. The soldier must have some reward for his danger and his toils." The fires, first kindled by the Imperialists to divert the resistance of the citizens, soon raged so fiercely that the soldiers were driven back to their camps. In less than twelve hours the populous and flourishing German city was almost literally reduced to ashes. The Administrator and four hundred of the richer burgomasters were saved, to extort from them ransom. When Tilly's thin, long, Mephistophelian face, crowned by the small, high-peaked hat and streaming red feather, appeared in the streets of Magdeburg, thirty thousand citizens had been already butchered, and six thousand bodies thrown into the Elbe to clear the roadways. On the fourth day the plunder of the half-consumed houses ceased. About one thousand people, huddled in the cathedral, and who had been three days without food and in fear of death, were dragged before Tilly. The next day a solemn mass was sung, and cannons roared the responses. "Since Jerusalem," says Niemand, "Satan had never held such a holiday as he had done for those three days in unhappy Magdeburg." Not long after, at Leipsic, Gustavus revenged the unhappy city by routing Tilly, who lost seven thousand men and five thousand prisoners, all his cannon, and one hundred standards. In a later battle the savage general fell, from a Swedish bullet.

The siege and storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812, was one of the most dashing and gallant exploits of the English in the Peninsular War. This old fortress, on the northwest frontier of Spain, had originally been built by the Visigoths, as a bulwark against Portugal. The town was specially strong, since there was no bridge over the Agueda but that in the town; and at certain seasons the river was so swollen by the mountain torrents that it was impossible to throw any pontoons or flying bridges over it. Wellington, having fortified Almeida as a dépôt, began the investment of the town of Rodrigo on the 8th of January, 1812. His army, including cavalry, numbered about thirty-five thousand, the siege materials were piled at Gallegos, Villa del Coervo, and Espeja, and the ammunition was ready at Almeida. Seventy pieces of ordnance had been collected at Villa de Ponte, but, from the scantiness of transports, thirty-eight guns only could be brought to the trenches, and, but for eight thousand shot found amidst the ruins of Almeida, the ammunition would have run short. The native drivers taking two days to bring their carts over the flat and excellent roads, created a delay in the operations. In the mean time the French strengthened the old works and fortified two convents, which protected the suburbs. They also raised an inclosed and palisaded redoubt on the Greater Teson, and this redoubt was strengthened by two guns in a Franciscan convent, and by a howitzer on the convent's flat roof. When the investment began, the French officers, treating it at first as a sham, came out under the convent wall, and at half musket-shot saluted and bowed to the English. Wellington the same evening ordered the redoubt to be stormed; he was quite in earnest. The light division, and Pack's Portuguese brigade, having forded the Agueda about three miles above the fortress, made a circuit, and took post till dusk behind the Great Teson. In the evening the troops stood to their arms, and a detachment of one hundred volunteers from each regiment, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne of the Fifty-second, stormed the Francisco Hill fort after a short, sharp action. The French officer in command proved to have been one of the mockers of the morning. This storming was done at a dash. An eye-witness describes the redcoats as appearing to be at the same moment in the ditch, near the parapet, on the ramparts, and forcing the gorge of the redoubt, at a gate which a bursting French shell blew open by a lucky accident.

The French calculated this outwork would keep the English at bay for three weeks, and its capture enabled them to break ground at once within breaching distance of the walls, with a loss of only twenty-four men and officers. Working-parties were instantly set to work to dig themselves under cover, as the fort was swept by the fire of the town. Sir Thomas Graham now took direction of the siege, and the next night the first parallel was established; the batteries, eighteen feet thick at the top, were traced out under incessant storms of shells, but the riflemen dug pits in front of the trenches, and picked off the enemy's gunners. On the night of the 13th, a fortified convent near the captured redoubt was carried by a detachment of light infantry companies, supported by Lord Blantyre's brigade. A lodgment was effected here, and the sap run on to the line of the second parallel. Wellington, now beginning to fear that Marmont might relieve the place, resolved on a rush at Ciudad. On the 14th, twenty-five of his heavy guns battered at the San Francisco convent, which enfiladed the approaches, and the Fortieth Regiment, carrying them at a run, established a hold on the suburbs. On the 17th the wall began to crumble in large pieces, and the turret was shaken at the small breach, which the French re-intrenched. Still the heavy French fire ruined the sap, drove the riflemen out of their pits, and killed General Borthwick, the commandant of artillery. On the 19th the battering guns were turned against the rampart cannon, and a storm was agreed upon. The main breach was to be assailed by General Picton's division, consisting of the brigades of Major-General Mackinnon and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell. This column was to be preceded by a storming-party of the light companies of the division, under Major Manners of the Seventy-fourth, while, on the right, Lieutenant-Colonel O'Toole, with five companies of the Ninety-fifth Rifle Corps, and the light companies of the Eighty-third and Ninety-fourth, was to make a diversion. The storming-party of three hundred men for the small breach was to be led by Major Napier of the Fifty-second, followed by the brigades of Major-General Vandeleur and Colonel Barnard, while General Pack was to make a false attack against the southern face of the fort.

At dusk, at the given signal, the different columns marched calmly to the assault over the glacis, which was swept by grape and musketry, and lit by thousands of fire-balls. Most of the Portuguese sack-bearers, who had to fill up the ditch, here lay down behind their bags, and waited for better times. Colonel Campbell, with the Ninety-fourth and the second battalion of the Fifth, to assist Mackinnon's storming-party, descended the counterscarp by means of ropes, and reached the breach silently and undiscovered. Finding the storming-party not yet come, Colonel Campbell at once pushed forward to the breach. The colonel, hearing the French giving orders to the artillerymen to fire, shouted to his men to throw themselves on their faces; the next instant a fury of shot and shell swept over them, and they sprang to their feet, poured onward, and cleared the breach. A wide ditch having been cut by the French between the breach and the rampart, all might have been lost at this crisis, had not the French pioneers left a single plank, by which the English passed up to the ramparts, driving away the gunners, and carrying all before them. But victory was not yet certain, and Mackinnon's party had not yet arrived. The French recovered from their panic, and were overwhelming the English. Men and officers fell in heaps, and choked the way, which was raked from minute to minute by two guns, which, only a few yards off, flanked the top of the breach. Colonel Campbell was equal to the emergency; he gave the word for a volley, and then charged. The French threw down their arms and fled. The moment after Mackinnon's columns swept upward to the breach through a destructive fire, but, unfortunately, a powder-magazine exploding upon the rampart, Mackinnon and many of his followers were killed.

Nor could a Napier be backward on such a day. The light division storming-party, with three hundred yards to clear, to get at the smaller breach, would not wait for the hay-bags to pad the ditch, but with extraordinary swiftness, eager for the battle, flew to the crest of the glacis, jumped headlong down the scarp, a fall of eleven feet, and rushed up the fausse-braye under a smashing fire of grape and musketry. The bottom of the ditch being dark and intricate, the forlorn hope took too much to the left; but the storming-party went straight to the breach, which was so small that a gun placed lengthways at the top nearly blocked it up. Here the forlorn hope joined the stormers; but the enemy's fire was so hot, and the passage so narrow, that the leaders wavered for a moment, and in the instinct of self-defense every man snapped his musket. Major Napier had his arm shattered by a grape-shot, but he still called out, "Men, trust to your bayonets!" and all the officers simultaneously springing to the front, their men gave a furious shout, charged, and won the entrance. General Vandeleur's brigade, forming behind the convent, came down after them to the assault, but General Crawford was shot dead on the glacis, and Colonel Colborne was wounded. Pack and the Portuguese had also turned their false attack into a real escalade, and the town was now carried at all points. The garrison fought for a moment in the streets, but soon threw away their arms and flew to the castle, where Lieutenant Gurwood received the sword of the governor. And all this took place in half an hour; but then had not Wellington, in the night order for the assault, said, "Ciudad Rodrigo *must* be stormed this evening?" The excesses were as disgraceful as those subsequently at Badajoz. Disarmed men were brutally shot, houses were fired, cellars sacked, and women dishonored, till some of the officers stopped the insane and reckless firing by beating the men about the head with broken musket-barrels, the only kind of logic they could understand, in their drunken and savage fury. Six deserters were shot. The English total loss amounted to thirteen hundred killed and wounded. The garrison lost three hundred men, and Wellington took fifteen hundred prisoners, and one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery. For this brilliant achievement he was made Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo and Earl of Wellington, with an annuity of two thousand pounds a year.

After this success, Wellington for the third time flew at Badajoz. This town stands between the Rivillas, a small stream, and the Guadiana, a feeble river, and spreads out like a fan its eight strong bastions. Phillippon, with a garrison of French, Hessians, and Spaniards, nearly five thousand strong, had made great preparations for resistance, and food had been stored for three months. The battering-train was of fifty-two pieces, but Wellington would not bombard the place, or inflict cruel and useless destruction. The engineers broke ground on the 17th of March. It was at last resolved to storm the Picurina, a fort on an isolated hill some eight hundred yards from the walls. The storming-party took this strong work in an hour, with a loss of fifty-four men killed, twenty-five officers and two hundred and fifty men wounded. A few weeks later, Wellington, dreading Soult's advance from Cordova and Marmont's attack on Ciudad Rodrigo, resolved on storming Badajoz. Picton's fighting and desperate division was to scale the castle, Leith, the bastion of San Vincente. In the centre, the fourth and light divisions, under Colville and Andrew Barnard, were to march on the Santa Maria and the Trinidad breaches. The assault began at ten o'clock. The attack on the castle was at first repulsed by showers of heavy stones, trunks of trees, and bursting shells. The second assault was successful, but Colonel Ridge, the brave leader, fell in the castle gate-way. The garrison fled down into Badajoz. "No man," says fiery Napier, "died that night with more glory than Ridge, yet many died, and there was much glory." At the great breach ponderous firm-set beams were chained together, and spiked with sword-blades. Powder-barrels were rolled on the English soldiers, and an incessant and withering fire maintained. Two thousand of them had fallen, when Wellington gave the order to retire and reform for a second assault. At this crisis some of Walker's men discovered a weak point in the bastion of San Vincente, and broke in. The town then fell, and the atrocities of an ungovernable army began. Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege, and in the assault three thousand five hundred men were wounded, and sixty officers and more than seven hundred men were slain. Five generals were wounded, and two thousand men were killed in the breaches—the Forty-third and Fifty-second regiments of the light division losing more men than all the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle. "Let it be remembered," says Napier, "that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died, not all suddenly, or by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking; and that the town was won at last. These things considered, it must be admitted that a British army bears with it an awful power."

THE END OF A MONTH.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The night last night was strange and shaken:
More strange the change of you and me.
Once more, the old love's love forsaken,
We went out once more toward the sea.

For the old love's love-sake dead and buried,
One last time, one more and no more,
We watched the waves set in, the serried
Spears of the tide storming the shore.

Hardly we saw the high moon hanging,
Heard hardly through the windy night
Far waters ringing, low reefs clanging,
Under wan skies and waste white light.

With chafe and change of surges chiming,
The clashing channels rocked and rang
Large music, wave to wild wave timing,
And all the choral water sang.

Faint lights fell this way, that way floated,
Quick sparks of sea-fire keen like eyes
From the rolled surf that flashed and noted
Shores and faint cliffs and bays and skies.

The ghost of sea that shrank up sighing
At the sand's edge, a short sad breath
Trembling to touch the goal, and dying
With weak heart heaved up once in death—

The rustling sand and shingle shaken
With light sweet touches and small sound—
These could not move us, could not waken
Hearts to look forth, eyes to look round.

Silent we went an hour together,
Under gray skies by waters white.
Our hearts were full of windy weather,
Clouds and blown stars and broken light.

Full of cold clouds and moonbeams drifted
And streaming storms and straying fires,
Our souls in us were stirred and shifted
By doubts and dreams and foiled desires.

Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew
Swam, dipped, and dropped, and grazed the sea;
And one with me I could not dream you:
And one with you I could not be.

As the white wing the white wave's fringes
Touched and slid over and flashed past—
As a pale cloud a pale flame tinges
From the moon's lowest light and last—

As a star feels the sun and falters,
Touched to death by diviner eyes—
As on the old gods' untended altars
The old fire of withered worship dies—

(Once only, once the shrine relighted
Sees the last fiery shadow shine,
Last shadow of flame and faith benighted,
Sees falter and flutter and fail the shrine.)

So once with fiery breath and flying
Your winged heart touched mine and went,
And the swift spirits kissed, and sighing,
Sundered and smiled and were content.

That only touch, that feeling only,
Enough we found, we found too much;
For the unlit shrine is hardly lonely
As one the old fire forgets to touch.

Slight as the sea's sight of the sea-mew,
Slight as the sun's sight of the star:
Enough to show one must not deem you
For love's sake other than you are.

Who snares and tames with fear and danger
A bright beast of a fiery kin,
Only to mar, only to change her
Sleek supple soul and splendid skin?

Easy with blows to mar and maim her,
Easy with bonds to bind and bruise;
What profit, if she yield her tamer
The limbs to mar, the soul to lose?

Best leave or take the perfect creature,
Take all she is or leave complete;
Transmute you will not form or feature,
Change feet for wings or wings for feet.

Strange eyes, new limbs, can no man give her;
Sweet is the sweet thing as it is.
No soul she hath, we see, to outlive her;
Hath she for that no lips to kiss?

So may one read his weird, and reason,
And with vain drugs assuage no pain;
For each man in his loving season
Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that allay not any longing,
Spells that appease not any grief,
Time brings us all by handfuls, wronging
All hurts with nothing of relief.

Ah, too soon shot, the fool's bolt misses!
What help? the world is full of loves;
Night after night of running kisses,
Chirp after chirp of changing doves.

Should Love disown or disesteem you
For loving one man more or less?
You could not tame your light white sea-mew,
Nor I my sleek black pantheress.

For a new soul let whoso please pray,
We are what life made us, and shall be.
For you the jungle and me the sea-spray,
And south for you and north for me.

But this one broken foam-white feather
I throw you off the hither wing,
Splashed stiff with sea-scurf and salt weather,
This song for sleep to learn and sing—

Sing in your ear when, day-time over,
You, couched at long length on hot sand
With some sleek sun-discolored lover,
Wince from his breath as from a brand:

Till dreams of sharp gray north-sea weather
Fall faint upon your fiery sleep,
As on strange sands a strayed bird's feather
The wind may choose to lose or keep.

But I, who leave my queen of panthers,
As a tired honey-heavy bee
Gilt with sweet dust from gold-grained anthers
Leaves the rose-chalice, what for me?

From the ardors of the chaliced centre,
From the amorous anther's golden grime,
That scorch and smutch all wings that enter,
I fly forth hot from honey-time.

But as to a bee's gilt thighs and winglets
The flower-dust and the flower-smell clings—
As a snake's mobile rampant ringlets
Leave the sand marked with print of rings—

So to my soul in surer fashion
Your savage stamp and savor hangs;
The print and perfume of old passion,
The wild-beast mark of panther's fangs.

THE SEA-SERPENT.

The twin-brother of the kraken, recently described in this paper, both in its marvelous size and in the incredulity which all descriptions have excited, is the famous sea-serpent. Its history is as old as the oldest record. No age and no seafaring nation has been without some account concerning its appearance, and yet to this day serious doubts are entertained as to its existence. It is clearly referred to in the Old Testament, where the prophet Isaiah sings:

> In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword
> Shall punish leviathan, the piercing serpent,
> Even leviathan, that crooked serpent,
> And he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.

Again, when Job pleads his uprightness, and the Lord answered unto Job out of the whirlwind, he mentions behemoth and leviathan, and says concerning that monster:

> Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?
> Or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?
> Canst thou put a hook into his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn?

* * *

> Shall thy companions make a banquet of him? shall they part him among the merchants?
> Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish-spears?

* * *

> Who can open the doors of his face? His teeth are terrible round about.
> His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.
> One is so near to another, that no air can come between them.
> By his neesings a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.
> Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.
> Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot.
> His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth.

* * *

> When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid:
> The sword of him that layeth at him can not hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.
> He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.
> He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary.
> Upon earth there is not his like.

It is well known that the monster so graphically described by the voice that spoke to Job in the whirlwind has been sometimes believed to be the elephant, and then again the crocodile. But in the Psalms leviathan is distinctly mentioned as living in the great and wide sea, and God is said to have formed him to play therein. The Jews, therefore, evidently looked upon him as a sea-serpent of colossal size and most formidable appearance, identical with the instrument of the Lord, of which He says: "And though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them."

These imposing descriptions are, moreover, by no means limited to the excited imagination of Hebrew writers; other nations also record in their annals the existence of such a gigantic wonder of the deep. Palladius, for instance, speaks of a serpent of the Ganges, which he calls grandly an odontotyrannus, who could swallow an elephant without straining. Solin has heard of him frequently, and knows that he lives in India and Ethiopia, crosses the Indian Ocean by swimming, and travels from island to island; while Pliny quotes Solam, who found these colossal serpents in the Ganges. "They were blue," he says, "and so large that they could with the greatest ease seize and drag under water an elephant."

It is, however, in the Middle Ages that we find the fullest accounts of the monster. Pontoppidan, one of the most learned Scandinavians, who was long Bishop of Bergen, in Norway, and died as Chancellor of Denmark, in Copenhagen, in 1764, states, in his interesting contributions to natural history, that in his country every body believed firmly in the great sea-serpent; and if he or any of his guests ventured to speak doubtingly of the huge monster, all smiled, as if he had been uncertain whether eels or herrings really existed. The good people of those northern regions were so familiar with these wonderful creatures that they spoke of two distinct kinds of sea-serpents—one living in the sea only, the other amphibious, which preferred the land generally, but retired periodically to the great deep. Nicolaus Gramius, minister of the Gospel at London, tells us that, during a destructive inundation, an immense serpent was seen to make its way toward the ocean, overthrowing every thing in its path—animals, trees, and houses—and uttering fearful roarings. The fishermen of Odal were so frightened by the terrible sight that they did not dare to go out in their boats for several days.

The famous Archbishop of Upsala, Olaus Magnus, who bears testimony to the kraken, also speaks more than once of the amphibious serpents. He states that they leave the shelter of the cliffs near Bergen at night. They have a mane, their bodies are covered with scales, and their eyes send forth a bright light. Out at sea they rear themselves against the ship they encounter, and seize whatever they can obtain on deck. An animal of this kind, he continues, was actually seen, in 1522, near the island of Moos, which measured over fifty feet in length, and was continually turning round. Several works on natural history down to the celebrated compilation of H. Ruysch, published in 1718, contained pictures of the Norwegian serpents. Paul Egede, finally, a most trustworthy man, and well known by his connection with Greenland missions, which he helped his father to establish, and fostered as bishop, not only bears witness to the frequent appearance of such sea-serpents on the Scandinavian coasts, but describes minutely one which he met himself, on his second voyage to Greenland.

If we believe, therefore, the testimony of the Hebrews and of the northern nations, there exists a serpent, living in the sea, of gigantic proportions, swimming by vertical movements, in which it is aided by fins which hang down from behind its neck, as was the case in fossil reptiles like the plesiosaurus, and covered with a thick skin, which was frequently found cast off on desert islands. On the back it has a shaggy mane, its eyes are large and brilliant, and the head is shaped somewhat like that of a horse. It is only seen in midsummer and during fine weather; for the want of stability in its long, flexible body disables it from resisting the effect of high winds.

Like all rare animals of gigantic proportions, the sea-serpent naturally excited terror in the few persons who ever encountered it; and this led, as a matter of course, to marvelous stories about its size and ferocity. Sailors love to tell how the great monster would throw itself bodily over their vessel to make it sink, and then feed at leisure on the bodies of drowned seamen. Others told frightful tales of beloved comrades, who were suddenly snatched from their side by such animals, which appeared unexpectedly at the ship's side, raised their colossal head and neck, and instantly disappeared again with their victims. Fortunately, a very simple means of defense is at hand, according to the belief of Norwegian sailors. These monsters have, it seems, a most delicate sense of smell, and can not endure the odor of musk. Nothing is needed, therefore, but to scatter some musk on deck, and the terrible animal no sooner smells it from afar than it makes off, and dives to the very bottom of the sea.

It was, however, by no means in remote times only that the sea-serpent has been seen by travelers and sailors. Reports, on the contrary, abound in our day also of encounters, and scarcely a season passes but sailors declare that the monster has been seen by them. Officers of the navy, ministers of the Gospel, American whalers, and English navigators, all agree, without essential differences in their statements, on the existence and general forms of such monsters.

The first reliable account of this great enigma of modern days came from a ship-captain, Laurent de Ferry, of Bergen, in the form of a letter, from which we extract the following facts: Toward the end of the month of May, in 1746, he was returning from a voyage to Trundhin, when, the weather being calm and warm, he suddenly heard the eight men who formed the crew of his boat whisper to each other. He laid aside the book he was reading, and then noticed that the man at the helm was keeping off the land. Upon questioning the latter, he was told that there was a sea-serpent right before them. He ordered the man immediately to turn, and to steer straight upon the strange animal, of which he had heard much during all his life. The sailors at first showed great reluctance to obey; but as the monster was right before them, and moving in the same direction, they became excited, and after a while engaged heartily in the novel stern-chase. The captain, fearful that the monster might escape, fired his gun at it, and immediately it plunged, evidently wounded, for the water all round was stained red, and remained so for two or three minutes. The head, which rose over two feet above the surface, resembled a horse's head; it was gray, with a dark brown mouth, black eyes, and apparently a long mane floating over his neck. Beyond the head they could see seven or eight coils of the huge serpent, each of enormous size, and at considerable distance from the next. The animal did not reappear, but the time during which it was clearly in sight was ample to enable the captain and his crew to examine it closely.

The only other report which is perfectly clear and precise has a Rev. Mr. M'Lean for its author, who wrote from the Hebrides, and very naïvely exhibited his terror. His statement amounts to this: He saw the sea-serpent in June, 1808, on the coast of Coll. He was sailing about in a boat, when he noticed, at the distance of half a mile, an object which excited his surprise more and more. At first he took it for a small rock among the breakers; but knowing the sea very well, and being sure that there was no rock there, he examined it carefully. He then saw that it rose considerably above the surface, and after a slow, undulating movement, he discovered one of the eyes. Alarmed at the extraordinary appearance and the enormous size of the animal, he cautiously coasted along near the land, when he suddenly saw the creature plunge in his direction. He, as well as his men, were thoroughly frightened, and pulled with all their might to escape. At the very moment at which they reached the shore, and when they had barely had time to climb up to the top of a large rock, they saw the monster glide slowly up to their boat. Finding the water quite shallow there, it raised its horrible head, and, turning again and again, seemed to be troubled how to get out of the creek. It was seen for half a mile, slowly making its way out to the open sea. The head was large, of oval shape, and rested on a rather slender neck. The shoulders, as the good pastor calls them, were without gills, and the body tapered off toward the tail, which was never distinctly seen, as it was generally under water. The animal seemed to move by progressive undulations up and down. Its length they estimated at from seventy to eighty feet. It moved more slowly when the head was out of water, and yet it raised it frequently for the evident purpose of discerning distant objects. At the same time when Mr. M'Lean saw the serpent it was also seen in the waters near the island of Carma. The crews of thirteen fishing boats were so frightened by its terrible appearance that they sought refuge in the nearest creek.

Nor were they only seen out at sea, when mistakes would be natural, and fright or intense curiosity might lead to unconscious exaggeration; but the body itself has been found, and examined by competent persons. Thus, to mention but one instance, in 1808, the body of a gigantic serpent was washed on shore at Stronsay, one of the Orkneys. A Dr. Barclay was summoned at once, and in the presence of several justices of the peace and some men of learning an affidavit was drawn up, which stated that the monster measured over fifty feet in length and nine feet in circumference; that it had a kind of mane running from behind the head nearly to the tail, which was brilliantly phosphorescent at night; and that its gills, nearly five feet long, were not unlike the plucked wings of a goose. Sir Everard Home, it is true, believed it to be a basking-shark of uncommon size. But American fishermen repeatedly saw similar animals, and the Linnæan Society of the United States examined carefully a number of witnesses. The same has been done in Holland and in the Dutch colonies of Java, and every where evidence has been obtained which showed remarkable unanimity, and precluded the idea of such a mistake.

Does the sea-serpent belong only to the realm of fancy, or is it really one of the great wonders of the deep? The question has never yet been finally decided. That there must be in existence animals of serpent-like form and of gigantic proportions seems to be well established by the concurrent testimony of English, American, and Norwegian eye-witnesses; and the mere fact that no specimen exists in the museums, and that no such monster has been encountered of late years, does not by any means disprove the experience of so many ages. On the other hand, great allowance must no doubt be made for the effect of fear, which enlarges all objects; the desire to excite wonder, which leads men to embellish their accounts; and the natural tendency to add to original accounts, which results often unconsciously in exaggeration, and has in all probability furnished us with such wonderful creatures as the kraken, the roc, and the phenix.

Nothing in these descriptions is, besides, actually incompatible with the laws of nature; and the study of fossil remains establishes beyond doubt the fact, that in former ages gigantic reptiles have peopled the sea which were far more surprising in size and shape than the much-doubted sea-serpent. There is no necessity, therefore, to ascribe all such encounters to simple mistakes. Now and then, perhaps, a long string of algæ, moving slowly under the impulse received by gentle winds or unknown currents, or masses of phosphorescent infusoria, floating for miles and miles on the calm surface of the sea, may have led superstitious sailors to fancy they saw giant serpents. But it is, on the other hand, by no means improbable that the vast deep, of which so little is as yet known to man, may still hold some of the giants of olden days, and that of the many well-trained, intelligent people who nowadays "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," some may yet see these "works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Fortunately, there is no doubt any longer surrounding the true king of the seas—the whale—and yet he is of truly monstrous proportions. It is a perplexed chapter, to be sure, in natural history, to say how many species of whales there are; for Jack Tar comes home with confused accounts of Sulphur-bottoms, Broad-noses, Razor-backs, and Tall-spouts, and a host of other names by which he learns to distinguish unprofitable whales, not worth the toils and perils of capture. But, after all, this only shows that the family is very fully known; and well might this be so, if we remember that already in the ninth century a Norwegian Ohthere, whose wonderful adventures were taken down by no less a man than King Alfred himself, speaks of having slain sixty such monsters in two days. This is, of course, impossible; but we must bear in mind that there is nothing in nature so wonderful that the human mind does not love to add a finishing touch of its own, and make it yet a little more monstrous. Thus the size of the largest of moving things, by whose side even elephants are but dwarfs, has been exaggerated; and great authorities, of recent times even, have gravely described it as two or three hundred feet long. Nor must we forget that since the Biscayans and Basques first dared attack the whale on the high seas, in 1575, all sea-faring nations have joined in the pursuit, and naturally tried to outstrip their rivals in startling accounts of the prey which they hunt on the hungry waves, with toppling icebergs around them.